

# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Tribesmen welcoming Her Majesty the Queen at Kaduna, capital of the Northern Region of Nigeria, on February 1

In this number:

Encounter in Oman (Peter Fleming)

France, 'A Sombre Picture' (Darsie Gillie)

St. Thomas Aquinas and the Composed Mind (Thomas Gilby)



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## FEBRUARY

### The Twenty-Niners

MISFORTUNE IMPENDS this month for a large number of individuals who have done nothing to deserve it. We cannot know how many babies, in countries whose calendars recognise the existence of Leap Year, are going to be born on February the 29th; and we can only conjecture how their characters and outlook will be affected by this natal solecism. It will not, one supposes, be until some years later that most of them will be likely to get an inkling of their invidious position. How do parents handle this delicate problem? Birthdays are important institutions in a child's world, and to discover that it is really only entitled to one every four years may well have an unsettling effect on the more introspective type of eight-year-old.

The usual custom is to celebrate the happy event on February the 28th; but one scarcely needs to be a senior wrangler to see that some element of inequity is involved in this practice. For it makes the twenty-niners—on paper—the same age as children who were in fact born a day before them, and nursery casuists are capable of magnifying in a variety of uncharitable ways the significance of this minor adjustment. Only an expert in child-psychology could tell us whether a sense of deprivation or a sense of privilege is in the long run the more likely to affect the ego of a Leap Year baby; and all we can do is to hope that the new arrivals, by the time they come of age in 1977, will have suffered no really serious ill effects from having had only five celebrations on the right birthday.



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# The Listener

Vol. LV. No. 1406

Thursday February 9 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

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## The Washington Declaration

By BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

**M**OST people I talked to last week seem to have been disappointed at the result of the meeting in Washington between Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden. It is perfectly true that the *communiqué* issued after the meeting says remarkably little that is really new, for instance about Anglo-American co-operation on atomic energy, or about Europe or the Far East. Even on the Middle East, where Anglo-American differences have perhaps been most serious, little enough seems to have been settled.

It is a good thing that the Americans and ourselves should have agreed to strengthen General Burn's corps of United Nations observers on the Israeli frontier. It is also a good thing that we have agreed to have discussions with the French about the tripartite agreement of 1950, whereby the Americans, the French, and ourselves guaranteed the present frontiers in the Middle East. We have certainly kept the French out of our discussions on the Middle East recently, and that has been a pity because the French still count for a good deal in that part of the world. But as to the wrangle between London and Washington about Saudi Arabia, nothing very constructive was said, and though it is true that according to the *communiqué* the Americans agreed that the Baghdad Pact was important, there was certainly nothing momentous in saying that. It is possible that a great deal of good work was done about which Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Anthony did not think it wise to tell the world, but certainly I think people are not being unfair when they say the *communiqué* was disappointing. What is a little odd is that, in their disappointment, many people seem to have overlooked another document published after the talk, the so-called Declaration of Washington. I consider this declaration is in many ways a very remarkable piece of paper—and might even become in time as important as another statement of policy issued after a similar meeting in the war, the Atlantic Charter.

It is a curious fact that though for the last eleven years the West has been engaged in a cold war with the Communists, there has been singu-

larly little attempt by the West to explain what the cold war is about, except in terms of power politics. In dealing with the Middle East, for instance, or south-east Asia, the West is inclined to warn the waverers not to go the way of the Czechoslovaks, or to encourage them to defend themselves against the Communist menace. That is all very well as far as it goes, because I am convinced that these dangers we try to make their flesh creep about are real dangers. But there is a fundamental difference between the Communists and the rest of the world, and we rarely try to point out to the waverers what this difference consists of. Perhaps that is why we have been so unsuccessful with them. It is because the Declaration of Washington tries to explain this difference that it is so important, and I think it is also important that it is addressed to the 600,000,000 people in the world who in the past ten years have achieved nationhood—in other words, the uncommitted peoples in India, Burma, and the Middle East.

The heart of the Declaration is the affirmation of the belief which we all hold in the West, that the state should exist for the benefit of the individual, and that the individual should not exist for the benefit of the state. If you believe that the state is supreme, you are in the end bound to deny the existence of the inherent rights of man, and that is the position of the Soviet Union both in theory and in practice. As the Declaration points out, it is to aggrandise the Soviet Communist State that in the last few years many millions of people of different blood, religions, and traditions have been forcibly incorporated in the Soviet Union, and, in the words of the Declaration, the Communist rulers have openly expressed their intention of extending the practice of Communism till it encompasses the whole world.

It is perfectly true that in the West most people recognise that there may be occasions, such as war, when the individual must be prepared to sacrifice his rights and even his life in the interests of the state. But apart from those occasions the whole world outside the Leviathan the Communists have created is convinced of the real importance of the



individual—of you and me—and our political history is largely the history of the struggle over when, where, and how much of the rights of the individual ought to be surrendered for the common good to the state. This is not surprising; because the teaching of all the great religions of the world—Christianity, Judaism, Islam, and Buddhism—is based on the importance of the individual and his rights and his duties.

All this is diametrically opposed to the Soviet way of life, in which the only thing which matters is the state. It is true that at one time the Communists believed that when world Communism was achieved the state would wither away, but that was when they thought world revolution was just round the corner. Now they believe—to quote Stalin's words—in 'the proletarian dictatorship which represents the strongest and mightiest form of state power which has existed up to now'. Accordingly the Communist is engaged in the constant, lifelong, single-minded, and utterly ruthless pursuit of the interest of the state with an enthusiasm which can be described only as religious fervour.

For this reason it is perhaps a little confusing that the Declaration should try to draw a distinction between those who believe that man has his destiny in God, and the Communists who treat man as if he were merely to serve a state machine. The real distinction is between those who believe in the value of the individual and those who do not: for Communism is a religion too. But its god is the state; and its philosophy is the philosophy of the ant, where nothing matters but the ant-heap. If to strengthen its power the Communist State decides to collectivise the peasants and liquidate the Kulaks, it does not matter that millions of Ukrainians or Kazakhs perish in the process—as happened in the 'thirties.

The worship of the state is something totally foreign to our western

way of life. What is more important, it is entirely foreign to the oriental way of life too, and that is why I am glad that in the Washington Declaration we did try to describe this really profound difference which divides us, because although it is a difference which is well known to most of us in the West, it is less well known to the neutralists in the Middle East or India and the Far East. So far, in our approach to the uncommitted nations, we have confined ourselves to other tactics. We have recognised that most of these countries are underdeveloped, and that many of their inhabitants live in economic misery. We have seen that people who live in these conditions—in eastern Europe, or China, for instance—will listen to any prophet, even a Communist prophet, who promises them a better world. So our solution has been to press forward with plans of our own for improving their standard of living. The Colombo Plan is a case in point; so is the development programme now going ahead in Iraq; and I think it is also the object of Colonel Nasser's High Aswan Dam scheme.

I am sure that this approach is right, but at the best it will be years before these plans produce any real improvement in the standard of living, and in the meantime a good deal could happen. But man does not live by bread alone, and the material approach is not enough, though it certainly is a good thing as far as it goes. The differences between the Communist scale of values and those of the rest of the world which the Washington Declaration has pointed out are very real, and if they knew how deep the real difference is, even the starving peasants and *fellahin* might take another view of the attractions of Communism. It is the duty and interest of the West to see that the neutralists and the uncommitted nations have their eyes opened to these differences before it is too late.—*Home Service*

## The Presidential Election in Finland

By K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

THE big issue in Finland's presidential election also figures largely in the presidential election campaign in Finland's vast sister republic—the United States of America: that issue is the question of peaceful coexistence with Finland's neighbour—the Soviet Union. There are some other odd parallels in the two presidential elections.

The Finnish President has almost as much power under the Constitution as the American President. He is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, appoints the highest state officials, and can veto legislation. A law may, however, be re-enacted over his veto in its original form by the Chamber, after a general election. Above all, the Finnish President is mainly responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. He serves for six years, and may stand again at the end of his term.

In their presidential elections the Finnish voters, like the Americans, elect electors, who in their turn choose the President. But in the United States there are only two parties and the electors simply register the votes cast by each, whereas Finland has proportional representation. The 300 electors, who were elected on January 16 and 17, are divided among six parties. The Agrarian, or farmers', Party heads the list with 88 electors. Their candidate is the Prime Minister, Mr. Kekkonen. Next come the Socialists, with 72 electors. Mr. Fagerholm, the Speaker of Finland's single-chamber parliament, is the Socialist candidate for the presidency. Then come the Conservative Party, with 57 electors, with Mr. Tuomioja, the Finnish Ambassador in London, as their candidate. The Communists and their allies run them close with 56 electors. After that come the Swedish Party with 20 electors and the Finnish Liberal Party with 7.

One month after being elected, the electors meet to choose the President. This time, accordingly, the date will be February 15. The thirty days between the election of the electors and the choosing by them of the President are filled with political activity, hard bargaining, to-ing and fro-ing, alarms and excursions, permutations and combinations. For the President is chosen by ballot. On the first ballot only a candidate receiving an absolute majority of the votes, that is, receiving more votes than all the other candidates put together, becomes President. If no one gets an absolute majority the first time, a second ballot is held immediately, and whoever comes out top is elected.

If the worst comes to the worst, and there is the prospect of a deadlock or of a close vote, the electors, in order to achieve the wide

measure of agreement considered desirable, decide to vote for some prominent person not nominated by any party. In this election there is some talk of an appeal to the sitting President, Mr. Paasikivi, in case no widely agreed candidate emerges from among the five in the field. He would be ninety-one at the end of his further term of office, as he is eighty-five today; but he is so robust and tough as a human being and enjoys such prestige as a president whose policy has become a national tradition, that this possibility cannot be dismissed.

At the moment, however, the favourite is Mr. Kekkonen, the Agrarian Prime Minister. He is expected to come within seven votes of an absolute majority on the first ballot, through the support of the Communist electors. They are backing him as the direct heir to the 'Paasikivi line' of friendship and co-operation with the Soviet Union as well as with the Western Powers, on the basis of mutual respect for equality of rights and national independence. It is one of the oddities of the situation that the author of this 'line', Finland's Grand Old Man, President Paasikivi, is a life-long Conservative and a former director of the Bank of Finland, whose social and economic views are so old-fashioned as to be almost archaic. But there is no doubt about the success and popularity of his policy. The return by the Soviet Union to Finland of the naval base on Porkkala Peninsula, which the Russians acquired from defeated Finland at the end of the war, has now also been chalked up by the jubilant Finns to Mr. Paasikivi's credit.

The Finns say that the first condition for their successful peaceful coexistence policy, to which all five presidential candidates are pledged, was their will to resist. The second condition was the readiness of the Russians to be reasonable. In President Paasikivi's words, their interest in Finland is military and defensive, not ideological.

—*At Home and Abroad* (Home Service)

We regret that owing to a dispute in the printing trade we have had to reduce the size of THE LISTENER, and there may be some delay in its delivery this week



# Encounter in Oman

By PETER FLEMING

**S**OON after dawn on December 15 I found myself driving a jeep slowly up a narrow valley in central Oman. The jeep was roughly in the centre of a long column of similar vehicles, with a few three-ton lorries bringing up the rear. There were forty-three vehicles altogether. They were full of swarthy little riflemen and Bren-gunners wearing khaki head-cloths and enjoying themselves like mad. The valley ran north and south, so the bottom of it was still in shadow. It was fairly cold.

In the jeep were a young Gunner Captain called Allan Laird, a corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals, and a wireless set, a 22 set, actually, also our bedding rolls, a cooking stove, some rations, and all the dust we had picked up in the last 200 miles. I was in the jeep because I was acting as a special correspondent of *The Times*. I was driving because Laird was on the set at the time.

Above us the rocky wall of the valley rose steeply; it was an almost ideal site for an ambush, but there was now no particular reason to expect one. Everybody looked to their front, not upwards. At the head of the valley we could see a welter of mountains, jagged and absolutely barren, and beyond them the great bulk of Jebel Akhdar, the Green Mountain, 10,000 feet high. Goodness knows why it is called the Green Mountain.

'Hullo Mike Fox, hullo Mike Fox', said the 22 set. 'Objective in sight. No sign of opposition. Am going on. Over'.

'Hullo Mike Fox One', said Laird. 'Roger. Out'. We drew level with the Colonel's jeep and passed on the news, for what it was worth.

A couple of minutes later we rounded a bend and saw the place we had come all this way to deal with. Below the foothills lay a big oasis of date-palms. Here and there white stone watch-towers jutted up out of the dark-green of tree-tops; and in the centre of the oasis, dwarfing the watch-towers, stood a huge drum-shaped citadel, the shape and colour of a Cheshire cheese. The leading squadron was moving across the floor of the valley towards it, trailing small clouds of dust.

But by now you may be wondering why all this was happening. Who did this odd little force belong to, and what was it supposed to be doing in the virtually unexplored mountains of central Oman? It is a rather complicated story.

The territories of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman occupy the top right corner of Arabia, immediately south of the Persian Gulf. The Sultan is an independent sovereign, whose dynasty has had treaty relations with this country for more than a century and a half; they were

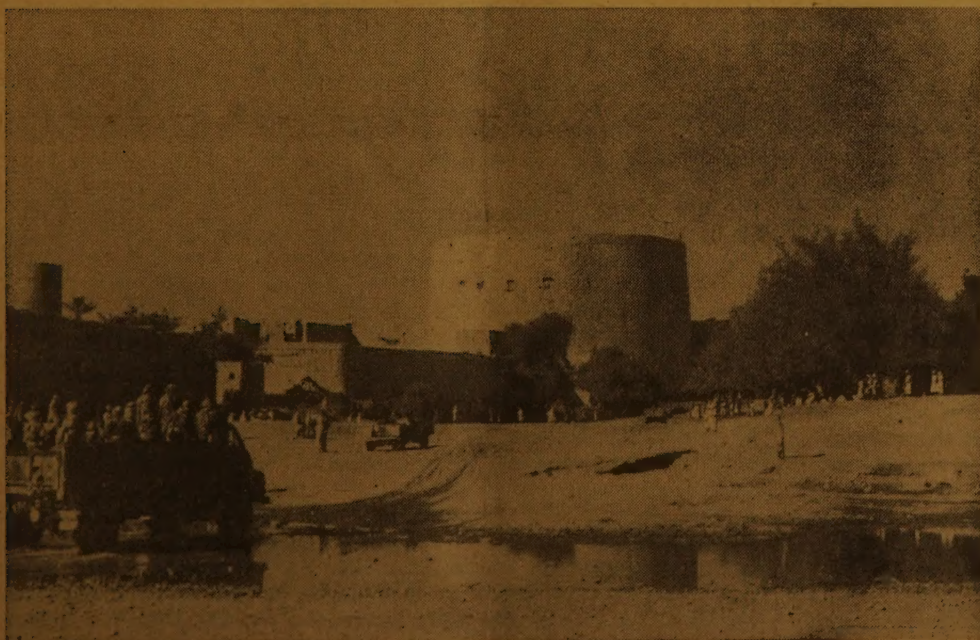


The fort at Fir q, the last oasis before Nazwa, where the only shot in the Oman 'campaign' was fired

last renewed in 1951. Incidentally, the Sultans of Zanzibar belong to the same dynasty. The office of Sultan is a secular one but originally its holders combined with it the office of Imam, so that the Sultan was the spiritual leader of the Moslem community as well as its hereditary ruler. At some stage, for reasons which I cannot go into here, the two functions were separated, and it was almost inevitable, in so turbulent a region, that this would lead to trouble.

The particular trouble which it had led to last year was this: a new Imam succeeded the old one on his death in 1953. The present incumbent is not, I believe, a particularly strong or effective personality, but he was supported by, and indeed owed his position to, various powerful tribal leaders who had long enjoyed virtual independence of the Sultan's rule. An autonomous enclave had come into being south of the great mountain range which more or less cuts the Sultan's territories in half; and in or near its fringes, where the mountains end and the desert begins, rich oil deposits were believed to exist. A British oil company held the concession.

The presence, or the suspected presence, of oil in an inaccessible region dominated by a well-established separatist movement put ideas into the head of Muscat's neighbour—at one time also her traditional enemy—Saudi Arabia. The Saudis hoped to convert the native intransigence of the Imam and his friends into an open breach with Muscat. They even, at one stage, asked the Arab League to recognise the existence of an independent State of Oman, ruled by the Imam. The members of the Arab League were a bit vague about where Oman actually is, and atlases had to be sent for before the matter could be further discussed. In these rather questionable manoeuvres Saudi Arabia had the active support of Egypt.



The occupation of Nazwa, the Imam's headquarters, by troops of the Muscat and Oman Field Force



Apart from this jiggery-pokery at a high level, the Saudis were busy in the borderlands of Oman. The long desert frontier between the two countries has never been demarcated, and if it had been it could not possibly be watched; soon a regular flow of rifles, ammunition, and bribes was reaching the Imam and his adherents. But all this traffic had to pass through a bottleneck. Throughout history the Oasis of Buraimi has been the landward gateway to this territory; every invading army, every sizeable caravan, has had to go there after struggling across the almost waterless desert, for it is the only place with enough water for their needs.

Last October a cork was put in this bottle-neck. The Sultan of Muscat's forces moved on Buraimi from the east, and the Trucial Oman Levies, acting for the Sheikh of Abu Dhabi, who owns part of the oasis, closed in from the west. This sorted things out at Buraimi. The Imam's collaborators and their Saudi paymasters were all evicted from the oasis, and the flow of arms and gold into Oman was stopped.

The Sultan, who was educated at the College of Princes in India, is a man of character, intelligence, and determination. The documents captured at Buraimi—I have seen translations of them—more than confirmed his suspicions about the scope of the Imam's intrigues and the source of their inspiration. The Sultan rules a country with an estimated area of 82,000 square miles, which is almost exactly the same size as the whole of Korea. Its population numbers, by the best guess, 500,000, it still has virtually no communications—no roads or telegraphs or anything like that—and throughout its history the keynotes of its political life have been treachery, violence, and double-dealing. The consequent feuds, rebellions, and civil wars have naturally had unhappy results for the people who live there.

The Sultan, who I believe to be a sensible and enlightened man (enlightened in the non-priggish sense), reckoned that in this sort of situation one of the things not to do was to let the Imam, with or without encouragement from abroad, go on consolidating his autonomous and almost inaccessible enclave south of the mountains. These are the reasons—very much over-simplified—why, in the early hours of December 15, the Muscat and Oman Field Force was advancing up the valley towards the oasis of Nazwa. Nazwa was the Imam's headquarters, and the Sultan had had enough of the Imam. As far as anyone knows, no European had ever been up that valley before; and at one time it had been expected that we should meet fanatical opposition. Even opposition of the most lackadaisical type could have made things difficult for the Muscat and Oman Field Force. The Force had carried out, with great dash and without losing a vehicle, an advance of some 200 miles over trackless desert. We worked off a map based on the tireless and heroic journeys of Mr. Wilfred Thesiger; but it was bound to be rather a conjectural map, because Thesiger, travelling always in disguise and in danger of death, had perforce given a wide

berth to some of the more important places in an almost empty land.

But the Force was rather out on a limb, on paper at any rate. It was 350 strong: eight British officers, an Indian doctor, 340 Muscatis from the coastal regions with little more than a year's military training, four old pack guns, four 3-inch mortars, three wireless sets which could not be used until the last moment for fear of exhausting the batteries, and—nothing else at all behind it: no lines of communications, no reinforcements, nothing. The Sultan was playing his ace, but the Imam might have taken the trick with a very small trump (though I don't think he could have won the hand).

None of these considerations was present in our minds as we rolled forward across the valley floor towards the Cheshire-cheese fort among the date-palms. All yesterday, all the way up the valley, the villages had declared for the Sultan after the minimum of palaver. Nobody—least of all the black-robed but unveiled women—seemed in the least over-awed by the appearance of forty-three motor vehicles, which were things they had never seen before. Nobody was surly, or obsequious, or even surprised. Over every oasis, as we drove away, a red flag flew ostentatiously. Red is the Sultan's colour; the Imam's flag is white. It is true that on the day before, at the last oasis before Nazwa, some stout-hearted man had fired one shot at Laird's jeep as we drove up to reconnoitre the fort. This had caused a good deal of excitement at the time. The little howitzers, the old-fashioned screw-guns, and the 3-inch mortars were unloaded from the lorries and assembled, and it looked as if we were going to have a one-sided battle with the solitary sniper. But public opinion in the oasis was against him, and in the end everything was arranged amicably.

Now Mike Fox One was on the air again. The leading squadron reported that they could see a red flag flying from the Imam's citadel, and we knew for certain that we were going to have a walkover. Half an hour later we had occupied the fort and were talking over the wireless to an R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft circling overhead, while the people of Nazwa—every man and almost every boy carrying a musket, a bandolier, and a great silver dagger—stood by in silent, wondering groups. Old naval guns were emplaced in the loopholes, and in the roof of the fort cannon balls lay about, like apples in an orchard. It was a strange and rather eerie place. A few hours earlier the Imam, finding that his adherents were not nearly as keen as he was on making a last ditch stand, had let himself down by a rope from an embrasure at the back of the fort and ridden off into the night on a donkey.

So, in a sense, the campaign ended in anti-climax. But, looking at the great stone walls of the fort, twenty-feet thick at the base, and the labyrinth of little houses clustering round it, I couldn't help reflecting that there are worse things than anti-climaxes, and less enjoyable campaigns than those in which only one shot is fired.—*Home Service*

## The Labour Party and Equality

The second of two talks on the new economics at Westminster by ANDREW SHONFIELD

**I**N 1955 the Labour Party decided to undertake an organised search for a fresh set of political objectives. The official process has hardly begun; but already several important people have been out planting signposts all over the terrain to be explored. It is these signposts that I want to examine: they tell an interesting story. Not that they all point in the same direction; but they do illustrate the same underlying problem of socialist economic thought in the new era, when full employment has come to be taken for granted.

Socialism is no longer regarded as the unique means of achieving full employment, which is what was being claimed for it by many of its supporters until a short while ago. Nor is it seen as a great engine for producing extra wealth for the community, which would otherwise run to waste in the hands of the capitalists. No, the emphasis in the new socialist thinking is not on promises of plenty, or on security, but on equality.

But, first, in order to meet any possible objection from socialists who continue to stress some other aspect of policy, let me identify the new thinkers, whose ideas I am going to discuss. They are people who have faced the facts of the mixed economy, in which capitalist

enterprise will continue to be the guiding force over the greater part of industry. They are, therefore, prepared to take an interest in the welfare of capitalists, as well as that of wage-earners. This, I would say, is the main thing which marks them off from the older type of socialist, who was prepared only to take any alleged needs of private enterprise and capital into account as a reluctant after-thought. Clearly, there are still many of the old school about in the British Labour Party. The new thinking has not yet taken over; indeed, it has not even established a coherent body of doctrine which it can offer confidently to the unconverted. The new thinkers are positive and united only on what ought not to be done. For the rest, it is necessary to select from a variety of views.

I am going to select the views of two people, who are probably the most influential members of the group. They are Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Professor Arthur Lewis. Both have been pushing out fresh ideas over the past year, and they seem to be listened to with increasing attention. Mr. Gaitskell's elevation to the leadership of the Labour Party at the end of 1955 means, of course, that the new thinking has acquired further practical importance.



If the change from the Attlee to the Gaitskell leadership has any philosophical significance, it surely means that the main emphasis in socialist thinking, which has been shifting all the time in recent years, has now finally moved from minimum standards of welfare for the poorest to the achievement of the highest possible degree of equality for the community at large. For Mr. Gaitskell, the central question of policy is how to reduce the concentration of capital in the hands of a comparatively small number of owners, which still exists in this country. His latest proposals on this subject, though still set out in a somewhat tentative form, are extremely interesting, because they show how far socialist thinking has moved away from the doctrines that were current in the late nineteen-forties.

**The Workers and Nationalisation**

The intellectual distance travelled is most apparent if one considers the changing views on the problem of the proper function of the state in the economy. The socialist ideas of the late nineteen-forties on this subject were themselves a major departure from the very earliest doctrines of the British Labour Party. Mr. Gaitskell has recently written an admirable paper for *Socialist International* analysing these very doctrines. Originally, he points out, nationalisation was seen by socialists as the means of giving the wage-earner a 'just' reward for his toil, instead of allowing it to be robbed from him in the form of capitalist profits. The purpose of making the state the owner of industry was simply to stop the process of exploitation which occurred when someone more greedy than the state was running industry. However, during the post-war period of Labour rule it became clear that workers in nationalised industries did not feel themselves to be noticeably less exploited than other workers employed by private companies. So far as the community at large was concerned, it was hard to show what advantage had been gained from the mere fact of the transfer of capitalist profits on coal, electricity, and so on from a number of private individuals to the state.

Gradually, the place of state enterprise in socialist theory changed. Less and less emphasis came to be put on the fact of ownership by the state, and more and more on the control which the state was able to exercise by various means over the general direction of the economy. 'Planning' became the watchword of the socialists. The special advantage claimed for socialist methods was that they deliberately guided economic forces in directions which would serve the needs of the community, instead of leaving events to be determined by the incoherent forces of the market-place. Nationalisation was only one of the instruments available, and not necessarily the best, for achieving central planning. It served for certain types of industries. But other instruments of control—for example, the utility scheme which could be used for pushing forward the production of certain types of consumer goods at the expense of others, or the power to ration scarce raw materials—were just as important as ways of ensuring that private enterprise served social needs.

Nowadays, however, all this emphasis on planning has become rather unfashionable, at least among the administrators and economists who have actually tried it. The final phase of the Labour Government in 1950 and 1951 left those concerned with a strong feeling about the limitations of planning in a democratic society, which is dependent for its livelihood on selling its products in the international market. What has happened since has tended to confirm their feelings. I do not think it would be easy to find a socialist economist today who would argue that a planned system in this country, for instance, would be inherently more productive than the present American or German economic system. There might be a few who would argue that what the unplanned systems produced was in some sense less good for the community than what a planned system would produce—that the welfare of the community in some sense would increase more rapidly under planning, even though the production index lagged. But such intransigent opponents of consumer choice are a tiny minority, even in the British Labour Party today.

**Return to the Problem of Ownership**

What is interesting in this latest phase is that, with the retreat from the dogma of state planning, the new socialist thinking had turned back to the problem of ownership. State intervention is now seen primarily as an instrument for redistributing capital wealth. Mr. Gaitskell even goes so far as to suggest that the new form of ownership by the state should be specifically divorced from any form of day-to-day

control over economic activities. Roughly, then, the three main phases in British socialist thinking can be summarised as: first, ownership giving complete control; secondly, control with or without ownership; and thirdly—the latest development—ownership without control.

However, I must be careful, in my attempt to make these essential differences of principle clear, not to leave the impression that Mr. Gaitskell wants the new socialist property-owning state to be absolutely powerless over industry. Like any property owner, it will have some form of ultimate control over the use of its assets. But, although it will be capable of the utmost vigilance once roused, it will normally be a sleeping partner in industry. Mr. Gaitskell has explained that his model in this matter is the British Petroleum Company—the old Anglo-Iranian. What he likes about B.P. is that although the Government owns the majority shareholding in the company, it exercises no control over the day-to-day activities of the business. Its authority as the majority shareholder, it is clearly understood by all, will be used only in the last resort, in case of a crisis. The Government has two nominated directors on the board of the company as a permanent reminder of this ultimate possibility. But the active directors behave pretty much as if they were the managers of an ordinary, private-enterprise firm. And this is what Mr. Gaitskell wants: he sees the state advancing to ever-increasing ownership of the capital wealth of the country, as it takes over death duties and other imposts in kind, while leaving the essential framework of capitalist enterprise undisturbed. The idea is that the concentration of capital in the hands of the state will further the cause of equality: first, because it will reduce the wealth of the rich; and, second, because it will spread the benefits of the dividends drawn by the Government over the whole community. After a time, it will be the state which will be making most of the capital gains, which are such a feature of our rapidly growing economy. The state will also be able to keep a close check on what the managers take out of the business by way of expenses and other perquisites.

**Capital Gains**

What impresses Mr. Gaitskell, in common with other socialist economists, like Mr. Kaldor and Professor Lewis, today, is that the mere possession of capital in a society as expansive and inflationary as ours gives any individual a tremendous advantage over any mere income-earner in the race to accumulate wealth. The state cannot possibly hold its own in the race unless it holds profit-bearing assets. Essentially, it is capital gains, as Mr. Gaitskell sees it, which allow the rich to go on getting richer. It is because of these gains that all the redistributive taxation of post-war years has failed to produce a much more equal distribution of wealth in Britain. That is why Mr. Gaitskell wants to tax capital gains, as well. These will also be paid in kind and will be used to enlarge further the state's holdings of company shares. In other words, he thinks that the path to equality lies in seizing upon the natural increase of wealth in a rapidly growing economy. In this conception, the state does not even appear as a decently active capitalist, but as the greatest *rentier* of all times.

The question is whether the *entrepreneur* will, in practice, allow himself to be caught as easily as this. There are two doubts about the plan which suggest themselves. First, what will be the psychological effect on a company director who finds that the object of his main shareholder is to limit his reward from the business in the interests of a social philosophy which he abhors? The preoccupation of the present-day socialists is how to keep the capitalist business man useful without letting his standard of living get much higher than other people's. But the business man is still left in effective control of the physical wealth of industry, in the form of such things as labour, vehicles, buildings, and all sorts of finished goods. In the struggle by the state to prevent the *entrepreneur* from enjoying the special material privileges which usually go with these things, who is likely to win: the man in direct control of the physical assets or the absentee owner? What Mr. Gaitskell wants is a sort of gelded capitalist, meekly harnessed to the state. But if he gets him, can he also have a rampaging, adventurous *entrepreneur* with an appetite for big profits and big risks at the same time?

The second doubt about this plan concerns the probable behaviour of the Stock Exchange. If the state acquires a large number of shares and holds them—that is to say, removes them from the market—will not the market value of the shares that remain tend to be pushed higher than they otherwise would be? Or put it another way: the present practice of selling large blocks of shares to pay for death duties, which tends to depress the market, would cease, once the state decided to take over these assets in kind. The conclusion is that whereas it is easy to



make the state richer than it now is, it may be more difficult to make the existing rich significantly poorer. Even if the state owned so many assets that it was able to acquire as much as half of the natural increase of the capital wealth of the country, that would still, at the current rate of growth, allow the private owners of capital to double their wealth in less than a normal individual lifetime.

If it is hard for rich men to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, it seems to be just as hard to divest them of their wealth on the earth below. The difficulty only arises, of course, because British socialists, while trying to create an egalitarian society, are anxious to avoid destroying the forces of capitalist economic growth. They need the *entrepreneur* in the mixed economy, and they recognise that if the capitalist portion of this economy is to work, there must be some incentives to accumulate private property.

But there is generally still a great show of reluctance about all this—an air of supping with the devil from the highest motives. What distinguishes Professor Arthur Lewis' recent contribution to this discussion, on the other hand, is that he is an enthusiast for property ownership and wants to see many more capitalists brought into existence with the encouragement of the socialist government. He proposes, in fact, a number of special measures to create an *élite* of persons, who are not rich but are interested in the accumulation of property and prepared to do something about it.

His idea is that the great concentration of wealth still in private hands should be attacked from two sides. First, the state should take its share of this wealth by way of death duties, as under the Gaitskell plan, and also by a capital levy on large properties. Secondly, the small *rentier*, capitalist, or saver of any kind, should be encouraged to acquire more of the capital wealth of the country by means of especially favourable interest rates, by assistance on mortgages for house purchases and by the provision of cheap loans for small businesses. Professor Lewis' argument is that since many people are feckless and are not interested in the accumulation of property, socialists, who are trying to spread wealth more equally, must look to those who are prepared to save. But it is hard to see how this proposal differs essentially from the tory plan to create a property-owning democracy. Both plans single out

a special group of persons—those who are prepared to save and invest and to hold property—and accord them certain privileges. But it is a novel proposal that the Labour Party should set up in competition with the Conservatives as champion of the *petite bourgeoisie*. Could the party continue to depend on the votes of the industrial wage earners of this country, if it came to the electorate with notions such as these?

There is no knowing yet what effect all this new thinking about the problem of equality will have on the practical policies of the Labour Party. To some extent the party is still bedevilled by the artificial polemic between traditionally 'left-wing' and 'right-wing' ideas. The new thinkers cut right across this division. Gaitskell, for instance, is 'right-wing' about further nationalisation on the conventional pattern, but distinctly 'left-wing' in his aim of creating the classless society by way of an organised attack on privately held capital. Lewis is even more 'left-wing' when it comes to taxing the rich, but is definitely 'right-wing' on the subject of small property owners.

This mixture of right and left ideas derives naturally enough from the recognition that has developed within the Labour Party since the war that socialism is not a way of making society get rich quick. Socialism, it is now seen, offers no dynamic of economic growth which is not available to a capitalist society with the trade cycle smoothed out. Thus the socialist economists of today—that is, outside the Bevanite group, where the concern is still primarily with techniques of government control—are no longer interested in supervising industry, except, as any tory reformer might be, in order to correct capitalist abuses like monopolies and restrictive practices. The problem, as they see it, is to bring the socialist state back to its pristine role of redistributor of wealth. They are traditionalist in this sense: they are interested in the state owning things. But they are untraditional in their anxiety to keep the state out of business and to maintain the ordinary capitalist incentives to economic growth operating over a large area of the economy. It seems to me that the conflict between the egalitarian aim and the natural pressure towards inequality which goes with capitalist methods of accumulation has still to be resolved. What has happened so far is that the socialists have announced that a marriage between the two has been arranged. The problem, however, is how to prevent a divorce.

—Third Programme

## France after the Elections: 'a Sombre Picture'

By DARSIE GILLIE

FROM de Gaulle to Poujade! From Churchill almost to Bottomley! What a descent! The French parliamentary left is only too apt to spy 'enemies of the Republic on its right. General de Gaulle was a dangerous fascist five years ago. Today, if only he could be roused from sleep in the cave with Barbarossa or in the Garden of Avalon with Arthur, he might be hailed as a defender of the Republic. Although his address is known and his garden is no farther off than Colombey-les-deux-Eglises, he has withdrawn into a mythical distance. Even the Gaullists cannot invoke him. Instead of the General with his noble personal record, his magnificent use of the French language, and his view of the situation from a little too far away to be useful, we have M. Pierre Poujade pulling fifty-two deputies out of his beret like so many rabbits, his acute tactical sense of when to kick the administration in the shins, his slangy gift of the gab, his lack of all scruple in using calumny and anti-semitic prejudice to further his cause, and his sovereign ignorance of the world beyond his immediate battlefield. Yet many who voted for de Gaulle in 1951 have voted for Poujade in 1956; many have voted for Poujade who hesitated between him and M. Mendès-France!

A resolute use of historical perspective can reduce M. Poujade to the same unimportance as many more respectable persons. It is much more useful, though less comforting, to look at the differences between his movement and the other expressions of right-wing discontent that have arisen from time to time in France. The Parliamentary Republic has always lacked style. It has not had the prestige at any time to secure that really angry people will express their discontent in terms of one of the parties engaged in the endless negotiations and compromises that make up so much of France's complicated political life. There was General Boulanger, handsome and elegant, the simple

soldier's friend, the hope of the thwarted patriot, admired by the masses and financed by the royalists. His extraordinary popularity had nothing to sustain it either in his character or his intelligence or in a party organisation. From the beginning of the present century Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet provided a rationalist defence of monarchy and an established church combined with an extraordinary virulence of invective which attracted intellectuals but never gained mass support. A combination of economic depression, social panic, and sense of being lost in a hostile world produced in the 'thirties what the good republicans delighted to call the 'factious leagues'. The most important was Colonel de la Rocque's Croix de Feu, mistranslated 'fiery crosses'. The name in fact was only a flattering way of saying that its members were all supposed to have earned their country's gratitude by having been under fire at the front. A good many Frenchmen certainly followed the Colonel in the hope that they had found a fascist leader, but in fact he turned out to be little more than the promoter of a kind of adult boy scout movement for the middle classes. Frenchmen who were serious in their desire for fascism soon moved over to the ex-Communist Doriot's French Popular Party, or, if they wanted to use revolvers and bombs, to the secret Cagoulard organisation. But Maurras and de la Rocque, Doriot and the Cagoulards, were all involved either with Vichy or the nazis and disappeared, or seemed to do so, when France resumed her life as a free nation in the autumn of 1944.

Since French parliamentary life soon showed symptoms of the same diseases as before the war, if anything, in a more acute form, sectors of her social and economic life which had been more suited to the nineteenth century than the twentieth continued to survive: only a beginning had been made towards a solution of her overseas problems. It was inevitable that once again a movement of discontent and protest





M. Pierre Poujade addressing a meeting

should develop on the right, but on this occasion it had for the first time a leader worthy of respect both intellectually and morally—General de Gaulle himself. The Gaullist movement failed for a variety of reasons, but not least because of the General's all-or-nothing attitude. Since it was the system of government that was radically at fault, he would not consider participation in government or co-operation with the parliamentary parties unless his constitutional reforms were first accepted. The General never faced the fact that France does not only need structural overhaul but government in the immediate present. If his opponents were only too inclined to call him a fascist, he was only too disinclined to appreciate the responsibilities and the sense of responsibility of those actually in office.

The strain was too great for his followers in the Assembly. First a group of thirty and then the remaining eighty were drawn into the parliamentary system. The defeated General renounced responsibility for his elected followers and then, last year, withdrew from political life. Superficially it seemed as if the French parliamentary parties had won hands down. Certainly the conservative groups, laboriously federated into alliance with M. Pinay and M. Duchet, were expecting to pick up the greater part of the votes that had gone to the Gaullists in 1951. It was admitted that the noisy followers of M. Poujade might win half-a-dozen or perhaps a dozen seats. Then followed the catastrophe of polling day—a success not only for the Poujadists but for the Communists, since the Poujadist successes frequently prevented right-wing alliances from winning absolute majorities which would have secured all the seats in a given constituency and so have deprived the Communists of representation there.

The Poujade movement differs from all the right-wing anti-parliamentary movements of the past in that it was not launched in the name of a national interest. In its origins it was frankly the defence of a particular social and economic sector, and more particularly its defence against the state. Even today M. Poujade frequently declares that his movement is primarily professional, primarily indeed about *le biftek*—about what his followers are going to eat for lunch. It is called the Union for the Defence of Shopkeepers and Artisans: it leads the rebellion against the Republic of a part of the nation that once helped to found it. M. Poujade's prestige rests on the fact that, by organising direct action, he has broken the attempt of the state to establish closer tax control over hundreds of thousands of shopkeepers. M. Pinay, when Prime Minister and Minister of Finance in 1952, was much criticised for his general amnesty of past tax offences as a first step towards sterner collection in the future.

One of the difficulties of tax collection in France is the enormous number of small establishments. The average farm is almost half the size of one in England and is more often than not owned by the man who works it. There are about half as many shops again for a similar

population. There are thus hundreds of thousands of independent establishments which employ nobody outside the family, barely keep accounts, and increasingly feel the pressure of a modern economy to which they are not suited. This is the element in France that Hilaire Belloc admired so much for its sturdy independence. Economically, technically, and civically, it is today as often as not the element that is keeping France back. The great historian of the French Middle Ages, Marc Bloch, whom the Germans shot at Lyons in June 1944, made an admirable examination of the France that he had seen suffer defeat in 1940, translated into English as *The Strange Defeat*. One of the weak spots to which he points is 'the dear little town'. 'The dear little town', especially in the south, is the nursing ground of Poujadism. It is a place where life has been happy and full but is now ebbing; the horizon is narrow, politics are bitter and often mean, and the tax-collector pulls his punches because, after all, his wife does want to be able to exchange visits with her neighbours.

### Tax Evasion with a Flourish

It was often here that Pétain had his warmest and most hypocritical supporters. It was here that they rallied to de Gaulle when they thought that he might be a barrier against Communists and even Socialists. It is here that they have rejoiced in young Poujade who has taught them that to pay the Treasury a good deal less than you owe is not merely a prudent precaution, or in some cases a desperate necessity, or even an entertaining game, but a noble defence of the rights of man. You do not have to hide in the corner to do it: you rally in the market place, unfurl the flag, and sing the Marseillaise.

Poujade would not have had his success if there had not been in the class he represents a great many people with real grievances. To be asked to keep accounts, many of us will agree, is a substantial grievance. The kind of small business or farm that is just getting along on a subsistence level is not suited for inclusion in the modern tax-collectors' scheme of things. It is not your fault if you are born into a declining family *café* or grocery, in a world that is increasingly organised for wage-earners. All that is true, but you have only to look at a great many (certainly not all) of M. Poujade's supporters to see that they are not amongst the sufferers. They are well-covered, with both flesh and clothes.

Hitherto the right-wing misfits of the French world were generally mobilised by someone who claimed to have a plan for reforming the state. M. Poujade is a success because he has shown a way of beating the state into submission. The new system of tax controls has been withdrawn from the small businesses. Innumerable small shop-keepers have been saved anything from £20 to £200 in their taxes. Why not go on?

The method of ganging up and defeating the law involves abusing all those who make it. It involves, in self-justification, that you denounce as bad everything that successive parliaments have done. It involves calling traitors those who have governed. How admirable an excuse for those who were called traitors eleven years ago to come out of their holes and preen themselves in the sun! They are doing it. If M. Poujade is right in proclaiming that the object of politics is and should be '*le biftek*', why then was anyone wrong to have put '*le biftek*' first during the German occupation?

### Colonel de la Rocque's Following

M. Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, pointed out the other day that if M. Poujade succeeded in gathering 2,600,000 votes this year, Colonel de la Rocque gathered the equivalent, namely 1,300,000, in 1936, when Frenchwomen had not got the vote and the electorate was therefore half as large. The thought is not as comforting as it looks. First of all, France then lived under a regime of single member constituencies. The Colonel's big but widely spread vote won only a dozen seats. This might have been unjust, but few people really felt it to be. Secondly, the Communists were neither so numerous in France nor so successful in the rest of the world. There was room for parliamentary life between the Communists on the one side and the right-wing opponents of parliament on the other. If French parliamentarianism is to recover its vigour there must be parties in office and parties in opposition, there must be some room for dispute as to what is the right thing to do, some possibility of measuring who has done what and how well he has done it without all the parliamentary parties being more or less involved in every act of government. The last French Assembly suffered from the

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# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on the Washington Declaration

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

## Philosophy of Science

**I** DON'T know what the philosophy of science means', a third-year student of science at one of our major universities was recently heard to remark. 'But', retorted his elderly friend, 'don't your dons ever talk to you about it? And what about the history of science—don't you ever study that?' Reply: 'We are too busy with our experiments'. Whatever definition may attach to these subjects—and much has been written about them—one may hope that exchanges of the kind quoted are not typical. On the other hand one fears they may be, judging from the degree of specialisation latter-day science students are subjected to. The problem is not a new one—the problem, that is, of what to do about the education of scientists. It has been discussed many times and in many places, and from many points of view. It is indeed part and parcel of the general debate on science itself, and as Mr. Russell Hanson observes in his talk on educating physicists—readers will find it on another page in this number—'The question "Whither science?" has been posed *ad nauseam*'.

One may perhaps be forgiven for adding in parenthesis that it is as well that this question should be posed, and posed again and again, even at the risk of nausea; for something rather worse than nausea may come our way unless we succeed in controlling the uses to which our scientific marvels are directed. And even if this question does not fall under the heading 'Philosophy of Science', it is all the same a question that scientists as citizens have a duty to consider. In a scientific age the scientist by reason of his researches and discoveries is in a strong position directly or indirectly to influence the course of events; it is a fact that does nothing to diminish his duties as a citizen. One might even argue that it goes some way towards increasing them.

But, as Mr. Hanson says, this particular facet of the problem is not of internal importance to the teaching of science. 'A real case for the introduction of history and philosophy of science into physics teaching, for example, must consist in the possibility that men may become better scientists, better physicists, as a result'. The case, one would think, was unanswerable. Mr. Hanson cites a number of reasons why scientists recoil from the idea, and uses such words as 'startling' and 'criminal' to describe some of the failures he has observed on the part of those who should know better to extend their teaching and thinking. In the result the layman can only echo the question Mr. Hanson himself asks—why has this new dimension not been added to scientific instruction? Mr. Hanson refers to the gap that exists between science and the rest of the academic community, and speaks of the uneasiness that the scientist sometimes feels about members of the arts faculties taking it as their mission to educate and humanise 'their under-privileged brethren, the research worker and the science teacher'. The arts man might retort that it is not so much his own ignorance as the arrogance of the scientist that lies at the root of the trouble. But the truth is that the best kind of arts man is conscious of his ignorance and within his capacity tries to overcome it—in this field by the acquisition of at least the rudiments of scientific thinking—and that the best kind of scientist is not arrogant and is ready to admit that there are great areas of human experience which lie beyond the realm of the laboratory. That we are all of us, arts men and scientists alike, confronted by a mystery, is a proposition few would quarrel with. That we should, so to say, join hands in facing it would seem the sensible course to take. And if that involves each side widening its field of study, then surely the fields of study should be widened. Is it so difficult?

THE WASHINGTON TALKS and the Bulganin-Eisenhower correspondence were the main subjects discussed last week. Some western commentators hailed the Washington *communiqué* and Declaration as confirmation of Anglo-American agreement and as including 'an admirable restatement of western principles' on vital world issues; others, including some American newspapers, found them a disappointing expression of platitudinous generalisations.

The *New York Times* was quoted as describing the Declaration as 'a great salvo fired for the free side in the cold war'. The *New York Herald Tribune*, describing the Washington documents as displaying 'unity and determination', was quoted as saying:

Specific actions and applications can be expected to follow the enunciation of principles, which was necessarily couched in broad terms. President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden have linked their nations anew in vigorous leadership.

From France, *Le Monde* spoke of the West's 'lack of imagination', and the 'meagre' results of the talks revealed in the documents. *Les Echos* was quoted as saying:

The Americans and British admit their disagreements, but not their errors. If France failed to convince them that they took the wrong turning with the Baghdad Pact, she has at least achieved that consideration shall be given to her views on means of appeasing the Arab-Israel conflict and that she shall be invited to the conference aimed at rendering efficient the 1950 Declaration.

From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald* expressed surprise that Britain and America were only now making arrangements for joint discussions about the action to be taken under the Tripartite Declaration of 1950.

Egyptian newspapers complained that Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Eisenhower had been discussing Middle East questions as if the Middle East were a part of the U.S.A. or Britain. 'The 50,000,000 people inhabiting the Middle East are well aware of their problems and how to solve them. They have no need of guides or governesses'. The editor of the magazine *Al-Mussawwar*, expressing the view that fear of Russia lay behind all western moves in the Middle East, was quoted as saying:

But Russia has done no more than stick to the principles of right and justice. Russia saw how arbitrarily and ungratefully the allies and friends of the Arabs acted, and then stepped in with offers of arms to the Arabs. In exchange, Russia asks for nothing except that the Arabs should follow a policy of neutralism. In other words, a policy of peace.

Soviet broadcasts made much use of Egyptian press comment on the Washington documents as confirming Arab resentment at Anglo-American interference in the Middle East. According to a Moscow broadcast quoting *Izvestia*, the disagreements between Britain and America, openly admitted in the *communiqué*, meant that Britain was yielding her vital interests in the Middle East. It added:

To divert public attention from the deep disagreements which separate them, President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden have had recourse to a cheap jest in the form of releasing the so-called 'Washington Declaration'.

It was not until six days after President Eisenhower's reply to Marshal Bulganin's letter that Moscow radio informed the Russian people of it. After giving the text, it broadcast details of Marshal Bulganin's second letter, repeating his offer of a twenty-year treaty with the United States and offering to conclude similar treaties with Britain and France. The *New York Times*, commenting on President Eisenhower's reply to the first letter, was quoted as follows:

President Eisenhower's effective reply . . . has found such general acclaim in the free world as to turn this latest Soviet manoeuvre into a boomerang. Instead of dividing the free nations, the Soviet move, as exposed in the President's reply, has brought them closer again, both at home and in the international field.

From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as welcoming the bold course taken by the President in exposing this 'spurious friendliness'. From France, *Le Monde* was quoted for a view shared by many western commentators—that Marshal Bulganin did not want or expect a favourable reply: it was a propaganda manoeuvre designed primarily for consumption within the Communist orbit.



# Did You Hear That?

## FROST RESISTANCE BY PLANTS

ANSWERING THE 'open question' in 'Gardeners' Question Time' (North of England Home Service) ALAN GEMMELL, Professor of Biology at the University College of North Staffordshire, said: 'In the winter it is natural for gardeners to think about the damage that might be done to their plants by frosts, and a number of them may in fact be surprised by the ease with which many plants can come through periods of snow and ice. This phenomenon of being able to withstand very low temperatures is known as frost resistance, and it is obvious that it will be of considerable economic importance as it can limit the earliest dates at which one can plant certain things and also set limits at the other end of the year on the date of potential harvest.

'How, in fact, does frost kill plants? The main reason seems to be that if the temperature drops below freezing point, crystals of ice will form in the cells and this ice is derived from water which is withdrawn from the protoplasm of the cell itself. This withdrawal of water may cause a complete alteration in the physical state of the cell and even result in its death. Death may also, in certain cases, be due to the fact that water increases in volume as it freezes, and, thus, the formation of ice crystals may in fact harm the tissues mechanically, by rupturing cell membranes, etc.

'Why, therefore, do not all plants suffer from frost injury? The answer seems to be twofold: first, under conditions in which there are short periods of frosts, a number of plants (those which are frost resistant, *e.g.*, rhododendrons, winter cabbages, grass, and so on) will liberate substances such as sugars into the cell, and it is well known that it is more difficult to freeze a solution of salts than pure water (*e.g.*, it requires much lower temperatures for ice to form on the sea than on a fresh-water pond or lake); secondly, as well as more salts being released, there is an increase in the cell of substances termed "proteins", which have a strong water-holding capacity. These substances, therefore, can markedly reduce the amount of ice formation in cells, since they simply will not liberate the water which they hold. Further, since more water is held by the proteins, the cell contents become more fluid, and in this condition they are less likely to be injured by the mechanical effects of ice formation and the strains which may thereby be set up.

'It should be clear, then, and experiments have shown that it is so, that short periods of slight frosts will tend to increase the winter hardiness of plants, since these changes described above will take place in the cells before the onset of severe frosts which might do damage. This is the reason for the so-called "hardening-off" process. Our knowledge about frost resistance is also important because it might be possible to use it as a basis for breeding strains of plants which have a greater resistance to frosts than do our present-day ones. We are left with the question whether it is possible to breed plants which, by design, will have a greater and quicker production of proteins and other salts at temperatures which are slightly above freezing, and which will therefore protect the plants from frost injury at much lower temperatures'.

## THE DOME OF THE ROCK

'The Dome of the Rock', said GEOFFREY GODSELL, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent, in 'The Eye-witness', 'is one of the most glorious sights within the ancient walls of this venerable city of Jerusalem, where there is so much that is fascinating and beautiful. It stands just inside the eastern wall of the city, in the middle of a vast, open space of about thirty acres. This great space—most of it paved—is called the Haram Al-Sharif, or "noble sanctuary". Sanctuary indeed it is, for on this site stood Solomon's Temple and here was Herod's Temple, in whose courts Jesus preached and from which he drove the money-changers and stall-holders.

'After destructions in the time of the Romans, the site became a rubbish dump until the Moslems came in the seventh century. Then the site was cleared and the Dome of the Rock was built by the Caliph of Damascus, Abdul Malek Ibn Marwan. The building was completed in A.D. 691. The Dome of the Rock that we see today is this same building, though the decorations inside and out are of a more recent day, yet still very old. The shrine is an eight-sided building, topped by a drum and massive dome. Its architectural symmetry is pleasing to the eye, but its



The Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem

chief glory, as you approach it, is the splendid tiling on its walls—tiling of blues and greens and amber, with which the Turk, Suleiman the Magnificent, covered much of the outside 400 years ago.

'Inside, under the dome, is the rock itself. It is a huge, undressed slab of living rock surrounded by a grill. This, tradition says, is the rock on Mount Moriah where Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac when he spotted the ram caught in a thicket. This, tradition says, is part of the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite on which David built an altar and his son, Solomon, a temple. This, according to Moslem tradition, is the rock from which the prophet Mohammed rose on his night journey to Heaven.

'Now, the dome, or shrine, over it urgently needs repair. The winter storms have progressively damaged and weakened the protective covering of tiles on the outside. In some places weeds grow in the cracks. The severe earthquake of 1927 caused serious structural weakening. The dome, pressing down on the drum, is causing the drum to spread, and this in turn is making the walls lean slightly outwards. A new cover is needed for the dome itself. More recently the building was damaged by shells during the fighting with Israel. The authorities say repairs will cost about £500,000. So far, they have collected about a third of this, mostly from rulers of Arabia who have big oil revenues. The Egyptian Government has also promised a substantial contribution. So there is enough money on hand at least to make a start, and the authorities hope work will begin within the next few months'.

## YARMOUTH'S BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA

'On my way to work in Yarmouth the other morning', said A. W. ECCLESTONE in 'A Norfolk Miscellany', 'I saw stacks of sandbags piled up against the little houses on the river side—all ready to block up the doorways in case the next tide should overflow the quays.

'If you had been in Yarmouth on 31 January, 1953—"the night of the surge"—you would have experienced the terror of the floods. You would have seen 700 acres inundated, streets five-feet deep in water. Little wonder that we are all so intensely interested in the proposal to build a barrage—the most recent move in our conflict with the sea, that has lasted more than 800 years. But flooding is only one of our problems. We are equally concerned to keep our haven and harbour's mouth





Herring drifters anchored on the River Yare at Yarmouth. The Town Hall is seen on the left

clear of silt and open to the sea, so that our herring boats can reap their harvest, so that the Scandinavians can bring their timber, and the 400 ships sail up to the city of Norwich every year.

'Yarmouth was founded by fishermen on a sandbank at the mouth of a great estuary through which the rivers Bure, Waveney, and Yare flow sluggishly and quietly to the sea. There were originally two outlets, but as far back as Norman times the northern one, called Grubb's Haven, became blocked. The southern outlet, near Lowestoft, silted up in Edward III's reign. This King had a soft spot for our sailors; that was because in 1340 Yarmouth men in Yarmouth ships won the battle of Sluys, and, as a reward, the King halved his coat of arms with us, so we now proudly bear three lions' heads with three herrings' tails. With his help a new haven was built much nearer the town.

'Over the years, this and other harbours built at great sacrifice all became obstructed by sand and shingle. The fishing collapsed, trade was at a standstill, no dues were collected, and men were forced to leave the town in search of work. Our forebears were so anxious to keep the port alive that at one time they even hauled their ships by capstans and windlasses across the silt from the sea to the river to unload them at the quays. At a common assembly held on April 21 in the fifth year of Elizabeth I it was agreed that one quarter of the town should be called out by the constables every day to go to the mending of the haven. Men, women, and children, up to a thousand at a time, worked with a will, determined to save their port.

'During all this time storms, floods, plague, and war ravaged the town. Pirates attacked our ships; the church was flooded to a depth of four feet; the Black Death reduced the population by 7,000 and, on top of all that, Kett and his rebels, annoyed because the town was loyal to the King, attacked and laid waste the harbour works. Still the struggle went on, until in 1567 the burgesses appointed Joyse Johnson, a Dutchman, at 4s. per day as master of the works. He conceived the plan of building two piers and turning the river at right angles into the sea. This solved the problem of silting, and so the seventh and present haven was built.

'Joyse Johnson won the battle against the silt. We still have to defend ourselves against the floods, with the enormous expense it entails. Only when this fight is won will the people of Yarmouth sleep in their beds free from the fear of a recurrence of their recent harrowing experiences'.

## THE WORKING SHEEPDOG

'I suppose most of us have, at one time or another, admired the cleverness of the dogs used in "sheepdog trials"', observed F. A. CARTER in 'The Northcountryman'; 'but only a comparatively small proportion of working dogs ever appear in one. Yet, in a wider sense, every day in their working lives is a series of sheepdog trials, though with no prizes beyond the keen pleasure they seem to take in their work.'

'Although not a recognised breed in the stud-book sense, they are mostly pretty uniform in type, and nearly always black and white—perhaps because that is a colouring which shows up well on distant fells. There appears to be some collie in their ancestry, but they are usually rather smaller, and much more even-tempered. Yet they have their own kind of courage, and I remember one that saved its master's life when he was knocked down by a bull. The dog, though only a young one, snapped at the bull's heels and tail so persistently that it was diverted from further attacks on the farmer, and he was able to crawl to safety.

'Most sheepdogs have to be cattle dogs, too, and I have often noticed with admiration how clearly they distinguish between the quite separate techniques required. With cattle they are aggressive and "tough". If a cow lowers its head threateningly, the dog dodges back for a moment, and then returns to the attack, barking and snapping at its heels. Yet it seems to be perfectly understood that there must be no snapping at sheep, even under provocation, and if a dog has to retreat from an enraged ewe, whose lamb may have been hustled too closely, it just frankly runs for it, and discreetly continues its shepherding elsewhere for a little while. When young and over enthusiastic, the dogs have to be shouted at a good deal, but later they can be directed by whistle—often up hillsides where they are from time to time out of sight of their masters, and now and then they seem to act on their own initiative.

'I remember once seeing a flock of sheep being driven along a road that was crossed by another a little way ahead. I knew that they would have to be turned to the left at the crossroad, and wondered how the dog would get ahead to turn them without making them all rattled by running through them. Almost as my mind framed the question, the dog climbed over the high wall to the right, ran across a field, over another wall, and by the time the sheep reached the crossroad, there it was, ready to drive them in the right direction.

'In the days when I lived in a village built round a "green" I often watched a little animal comedy that took place every winter afternoon. A few cattle used to cross the "green" from their shippin to drink at the trough opposite. An alert black-and-white sheepdog saw them across, then lay down in the middle of the "green" and watched them drinking in turn. Then, when they had finished, the dog would rush forward barking, get behind them, and start them off to their quarters again. One could almost hear it snapping imperiously: "Now ladies, no loitering, please! Time to get moving again!"

'It is refreshing in these days to find any phase of farming unaffected by mechanisation. The future of the horse in agriculture seems to grow more and more doubtful—if that is not too optimistic a word! But I have never heard of any misgivings about the future of the sheepdog. It is obvious, in fact, that without it, sheep farming, especially in the fells and on the moors, would be impossible'.



A ewe butting a sheepdog away from her lamb



# St. Thomas Aquinas and the Composed Mind

By THOMAS GILBY

IN the year 1274 King Edward I was crowned in Westminster Abbey, still unfinished, and, counselled by his Dominican familiars, began that consolidation of the English realm which has never crumbled. In the spring of the same year there died, in the hills above the Anzio beaches, the greatest Dominican of them all, Thomas Aquinas, the thinker who contributed to the divine comedy of Dante and the high mysticism of Master Eckhart, the international jurisprudence of Vittoria and the aesthetics of Ananda Coomaraswamy, and whose philosophy exerts more influence now than at any time during the last six centuries: only the other day a critical Japanese text of his everest metaphysical work, the *de Ente et Essentia*, appeared from the University of Kyoto. A pity that Thomism is an -ism, and that Thomists, or neo-Thomists as they are sometimes called, cannot always shed the semblance of sectaries, for the wisdom of their master expresses a perennial philosophy wider and more pervasive than the thought-patterns of any particular region or period.

## Christian Theologian

Various reasons can be singled out why it seems to have hardened and narrowed, one of which can prove embarrassing to his reputation as a philosopher. It is this: that, above all, he was a Christian theologian, set on defending and expounding the revealed truths of religion, and to such effect that he has become the classical author in the clerical schools of the Latin Church, proclaimed, by supreme authority, the *Doctor Communis* who provides the standard system of reference for exact and official doctrinal statement. Another reason is that many have taken his dry and curt style to declare the set forms of a legal and Latin mind to be covering up of its truly Greek movement. On both counts he has come under criticism, on the first from those who do not share his religious allegiance, on the second from those who do.

Most of us are familiar with the situation in which we do something first and then afterwards find reasons to justify it. Modern psychology has taught us to be tender with this human defence mechanism, and indeed there are philosophies, reflections on spurt and protest, to which this is the best, indeed the only, manner of conducting argument. Nevertheless, to a stubborn old logical temper the rationalisation of a statement made, or a decision taken, on grounds other than those of reason easily falls into the fallacy of begging the question. Though the system-making of the medieval scholastics may be admired, much as the Ruskinites regarded a gothic cathedral, as the manifestation of religious feeling, their work is not evaluated in a purely philosophical medium any more than the building was in terms proper to architecture. They offer no more of purely philosophical interest than does any Christian fundamentalists. In short, St. Thomas Aquinas is suspected of merely embroidering with the reason what he already accepted by faith.

## A Recent Assessment

Here I would refer you to an admirable recent addition to the Pelican books, simply entitled *Aquinas*\*. The author, Father F. C. Copleston, though a distinguished historian of medieval philosophy, would not, I fancy, call himself a medievalist, certainly not if that argues a recall to the mental habits and moods of the Middle Ages. For one thing he is a Jesuit, and therefore need not be expected to have the nostalgia such as might be allowed a Dominican; for another, he writes in the empirical tradition of the English philosophers and is familiar with modern scientific theory and logical analysis. Two-thirds of his book are concerned with some elements of St. Thomas' rational philosophy which can be taken out of the main body of his theological writings; you must know what you are lifting from the total context for the abstraction to be valid. The most important part, however, is the long introductory chapter, and there Father Copleston invites us to consider what St. Thomas meant by a philosophical statement and to attend to the reasonable strength of his arguments in themselves, and not to his ulterior motives or personal prepossessions.

A good example appears in the approach to the problem of the existence of God. St. Thomas was a believer long before he was a



An early fifteenth-century artist's conception of St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274): a portrait by Fra Angelico

philosopher. Nevertheless he scrupulously kept to the rules of rational evidence, and was prepared to land himself in positions which many religious thinkers found uncongenial. Addressing himself to the problem merely as a philosopher, he discovered in our human mind no innate insight, no perception that God's existence is self-evident. It is true that his initial atheism was methodic, but it was quite honest. That is the point, whether you agree with him or not. His only presumption was that we can really know something about our environment, and that it is worth while being reasonable about it. Hence, reflecting on some general characteristics presented in our experience of the material world, he is led to conclude, very cautiously, that an 'X' exists 'which men name God'. He does this along five ways, the famous *quinque viae*, which still invite the inquirer, and satisfy some, though at various times all have been rejected, often from an inaccurate map.

A similar detachment marks his discussion of other topics where the religious believer might be expected to discover what he wants to find. Thus he was not convinced by the proofs that the world began once upon a time: the world may or may not be everlasting, but his demonstration that it is created by God was not affected either way. Thus, also, he did not think that God's infinity diminished the reality and goodness of creatures, or his universal causality the operation of secondary causes. Thus, again, he did not spiritualise the body, nor did he hold that it derived from an evil principle: I suppose he is one of the few materialist metaphysicians—not metaphysical materialists—and though he could preach like a puritan he did not think like a manichean. The first act of soul is to quicken body: one single substance longs for the vision of God, responds to sex and food, and makes the toe-nails grow. Thus, finally, he did not appeal to an inner light, an ethical sense of duty for duty's sake, but keyed his morality to a



philosophy of purpose: he inferred how men ought to do from what they can do, if they are to find happiness. Throughout he saw no merit in accepting by faith what we can discover by using our own wits. No wonder his religious-minded opponents have accused him of rationalism, naturalism, scientism, materialism, and utilitarianism—and these terms are polite compared to what churchmen called him soon after his death.

### Revolutionary 'Dressed as a Respectable'

And so to switch to the other extreme. Some thinkers are not comfortable with St. Thomas, not because he is too religious but because he is not religious enough. His grammar has been taken into the articulation of official doctrine and they find it too rational. Barth has not been without effect on Catholics; nor the stirring which can be grouped under the general heading of Existentialism; depth psychology has played its part, and the older influence of Blondel and Bergson; the historical, or metahistorical, methods of positive theology have been opposed to the speculative and scholastic methods of systematic theology; the liturgical revival, too, and the growing devotion to the Church as a social organism, the life of which is better expressed by gesture in response to fact rather than by definition in response to meaning, can tend to stress points of exclamation rather than of explanation; in all this you see a movement—some might consider it a retrogression—from *logos* to *mythos*. The minor practitioners of Thomism have not helped, by appearing to put truth into packages neatly labelled and to claim the monopoly. Modernism is now dead in the Catholic Church, but there is no undue complacency about the mentality of some of the anti-modernists. At any rate, an undercurrent is now setting in against St. Thomas. He whose thought is permanently revolutionary is dressed as a respectable. His intellectualism is criticised and unfavourably compared with an allegedly more affective theology. The literary humanism of the twelfth century is preferred to the barbarous logomachy of the thirteenth, or the party line of the nineteenth.

Here, again, though more by implication than by explicit statement, Father Copleston is seasonable. He recognises that rational philosophy works with abstraction from the rich and moving variety of life. Nevertheless they alone give bone to human experience. St. Thomas does not treat thinking as a process of cerebration—grey matter, as it were, dealing with grey abstracts mistaken for whole concrete realities. The meanings disclosed are not fixed formulae to be manipulated as though they were items in applied mathematics or concepts of positive law. So they sometimes appear in the manuals, but for St. Thomas they are more subtle and glancing, less stylised and straitlaced. There is no question of caging real natures in closed concepts. On the other hand, we have the power of so defining our environment, not completely, yet sufficiently for rational intercourse, as to render it intelligible. Father Copleston is similarly modest yet firm in asserting the rights of the reason: he defends, perhaps unfashionably, St. Thomas' separation of its field from the fields of imagination and faith, and finds no more cause to throw philosophy to the devout than to the nazis.

### A Complete Aristotelean

St. Thomas was not a geometrical philosopher. On the contrary, he was a complete Aristotelean, and insisted that our first mental contact with existing reality is through the reaction of the whole human organism to the material world.

A living movement usually includes what is conveniently termed a right wing and a left, and Thomism is no exception. 'Left wing' can carry a sinister sense, not least to the governing circles of an old-established community, and 'right wing' also has its overtones. It depends where you stand. The terms are little help when it comes to placing authentic Thomism in the stream of Christian thought, for while it is conservative in holding firm to our Hellenic heritage, its constitutional temper is liberal and its enterprises progressive. Within the Thomist movement some are regarded as sticklers for his teaching, sometimes to the extent of treating him almost as an oracle. But others, less organically committed, possibly less metaphysically rigorous and more eclectic, think of him as among the greatest exponents of that perennial philosophy which needs to be stated and applied at the present time.

What manner of man was this, who so looms in the contemporary philosophical fog? He was large, physically so majestic that passers-by turned round to stare at him. He called himself an Italian, but that was before the day of nation-states, and a kinsman of the Emperor, who disputed with the Pope the supremacy of the western world, in his veins ran a mixture of Suabian, Lombard, and Norman blood. His

first school was the Abbey of Monte Cassino. At the University of Naples, to the energetic displeasure of his family, he joined the Dominicans, an organisation of wandering scholars, dedicated to the teaching of truth, without fear or favour. They sent him, first to study, and then to teach, at the University of Paris, then, as now, the *villum* of the west.

One can picture him as an early Dr. Johnson. But he was a less convulsive man, calm despite his family tragedies in the bloody change of rule from Hohenstauffen to Angevin, decided but gentle in debate. He earned the affection of Siger of Brabant, the greatest of his philosopher-opponents. He was more at home with the arts student than with the divines, many of whom attacked him as a dangerous radical. He shares with the devil the distinction of having been called 'the first Whig', and indeed he had a certain patrician poise, almost an offhand affability. On his return from Paris he was called as first theologian to the Papal Curia, the centre of the most impressive political force of the age, the effort of the canon lawyer extremists to secure for the Pope the total lordship over Christendom; his writings, however, scarcely support them, or indeed advert to them. Often he is more revealing in his *obiter dicta*, and his work gives me the impression of having been composed in a fit of absence of mind—in the sense that the British Empire was.

### Outstanding Courtesy

The trait I would now pick out above all others is his courtesy. I do not mean only social good manners, but a quality of mind which deferred to all the various, and sometimes opposing, objects which come under our consideration. Specialists are inclined to be bad at this, and when the pathologist overlooks the patient: it is the penalty of concentration, all the more acute when fanaticism enters, blind to everything except one narrow section of the truth. I have already remarked how respectful St. Thomas was of the creature, not always the mark of the divine; how respectful of the reason, not always the mark of the believer; how respectful of the body, not always the mark of the saint; how respectful of fact, not always the mark of the metaphysician.

Not that he was a good-natured accommodator, prepared to let irreconcilables lie. He avoided 'either-ors' in dispute, and tried to say 'both', but by synthesis not compromise. He was able to do this by his dialectic of distinction, 'in this sense, yes; in that sense, no'. This, especially when carried on to sub-distinction, demands that the ideas engaged are seriously entertained. One consequence is that he makes no exclusions in the common antinomies, time and eternity, profane and sacred, pleasure and duty, body and soul, liberty and law, logic and life, theory and practice, essence and existence. From the height of metaphysics, with such problems as the One and the Many, or Being and Becoming, this habit of mind descends to ordinary life and produces an effect of great composure. It occurs to me to illustrate it from an old Dominican who died a few years ago. A man austere in the antique style, who had turned his back on the effeminacy of modern Europe to spend his life ministering in a shanty town in the Caribbean, he was called by his superiors to this country. He was taken for the first time to a cinema, and we expected a denunciation of the plumminess and plushiness. But not at all. 'When I was a boy in Merthyr Tydfil', he rubbed his chin, 'the young lads and girls had to stand about in dark corners, and often in the rain. But now they can sit together in comfort. I saw a young couple in front of me, and the girl made me feel very happy. Excellent thing, the cinema, excellent thing'. The more you study St. Thomas, the more you come across such surprises.

He was only about fifty when he died, leaving behind a row of works which in quarto fill about six feet of library shelves. They look uninviting, but there are few questions of lasting human interest he did not touch, and his answers, neither tangled with obsolete physics nor soaked in a medieval mood, reward attention. Towards the end of his life, more and more lost in God, he looked back on them and murmured that he had come to look at them as so much straw. But straw has its uses, once recognised for bricks, now more urgently for humus. According to legend, when he lay dying his attendant leaned over him and begged to know his wish. He had been dictating a commentary on the 'Song of Songs', and perhaps they expected to hear an uplifting phrase sighing for the gardens of heaven. But a memory stirred within him, of what he had fancied, a staple export from England, as esteemed then as our biscuits and pickles are now. 'What do you want, Brother Thomas?' they asked. And the saint replied, 'Herrings'.—*Third Programme*



# Jungle Boy in the Drawing-room

J. W. LAMBERT on 'Saki'

I SHOULD like to suggest Saki as an example of a writer who at the moment is not as well known or as widely read as he should be; I choose him partly because he was a most dexterous storyteller, but quite as much because he was a wit; and I need not labour the point that nowadays we have lost our wits in more senses than one. One of his characters remarks that 'jealousy is such a good tonic for a woman who knows how to dress well'; and I should say, by way of paraphrase, that satire is such a good tonic for a society that knows how to live well. I suppose we do not, and that is why we are so dimly earnest about everything. Today we have hardly any first-rate satirical talent—though I do not forget Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Mr. Nigel Dennis, and Mr. Angus Wilson. Anyway, it seems foolish to let Saki slip into oblivion, and for a long time now I have hardly heard his name mentioned or seen it in print.

H. H. Munro—he took his pen-name from Omar Khayyam—was born in Burma in 1870. He was very proud of his family's Highland blood—though not to the extent of spending much time in Scotland. He was in fact brought up in north Devon by a couple of aunts, who were the most important people in his life. One was imperious and dotty, the other thwarted and cruel. Neither was fit to have charge of children; but Saki had his revenge, for unsuitable guardians are a frequent target in his stories. Here is one from a story called 'The Lumber Room':

It was her habit, whenever one of the children fell from grace, to improvise something of a festival nature from which the offender would be rigorously debarred; if all the children sinned collectively they were suddenly informed of a circus in a neighbouring town, a circus of unrivalled merit and uncounted elephants, to which, but for their depravity, they would have been taken that very day.

She finished up by falling into a rainwater tank and *not* being rescued by a devoted nephew. His other aunt was venomously sketched in that passionate little story 'Sredni Vashtar', in which she was killed by a small boy's ferret. And these childish dream-revenges, the legacy of innumerable humiliations, became a hallmark of Saki's work.

But he survived the aunts, it seems, to enjoy a boisterous and happy adolescence when his father came back from the East. The opening paragraph of his sister's biography gives us a clue to his endurance:

My earliest recollection of my younger brother was in the nursery at home, where, with my elder brother, Charlie, we had been left alone. Hector [Saki, that is] seized the long-handled hearth brush, plunged it into the fire, and chased Charlie and me round the table, shouting 'I'm God, and I'm going to destroy the world!'

He carried that combination of high spirits, ruthlessness, mischief and imaginative enterprise along with him for the rest of his life.

A spell in the Burma Police was a failure: homesickness and malaria equally beset him, and he came back to a spell of doing nothing in particular. When, just before the end of the century, he came to London, he was quickly successful as a journalist, dealing mostly with politics and foreign affairs. In the twenty years between his arrival in London and his death on the Western Front he wrote a great deal—too much, really. Apart from his journalism he turned out, as they coarsely say, a history of Russia, two novels, three one-act plays and one three-act play, a sizeable bundle of sketches, and nearly a hundred short stories. He also lived an extremely sociable life, at home and abroad, in town and country.

Out of this life he distilled in his work a highly individual world of his own: he easily passes that test of a true artist. Naturally it was a world which bore a close resemblance to the one he lived in. His raw material came mostly from the fat, luxurious—not to say bloated—world of the Edwardian upper-middle class, shading at times into the upper classes. He populated his world with relatively few characters. The most conspicuous was a frivolous and unscrupulous young man, a sort of enterprising, Jeeveless Bertie Wooster, who appears under many names—Reginald, Rex, Cyprian, Clovis, Comus. This, of course, was Saki himself, exchanging the flaming hearth-brush for the pen: but, unlike Saki, most of these young men had a warily indulgent mother. In one of his novels, *The Unbearable Bassington*, this dream-mother more or less steals the book:

Her enemies, in their honester moments, would have admitted that she was svelte and knew how to dress, but they would have agreed with her friends in asserting that she had no soul. When one's friends and enemies agree on any particular point they are usually wrong. Francesca herself, if pressed in an unguarded moment to describe her soul, would probably have described her drawing-room. . . .

In a world of green lawns, footmen, bridge tables, and silver teasetts her son, young Comus Bassington, has lived very well. But he has no money, no real friends; he has lost his girl, through his own fault, to one of those glossy young politicians we still know so well. There is nothing for it in the end but a post somewhere in that once so useful dumping-ground for misfits, the British Empire. His time is almost up, and he goes to the theatre for the last time:

For Comus this first-night performance, with its brilliant gathering of spectators, its groups and coteries of lively talkers, even its counterfoil of dull chatterers, its pervading atmosphere of stage and social movement, and its intruding undercurrent of political flutter—all this composed a tragedy in which he was

the chief sufferer. It would go on reproducing itself again and again . . . with unflagging animation and sparkle and enjoyment, and for him it would have stopped utterly. . . . In the third interval, as he gazed around at the chattering house, someone touched him on the arm. It was Lady Verula Croot.

'I suppose in a week's time you'll be on the high seas', she said. 'I'm coming to your farewell dinner, you know. I'm not going to talk the usual rot to you about how you will like it and so on . . . What do you think of the play? Of course one can foresee the end; she will come to her husband with the announcement that their longed-for child is to be born, and that will smooth over everything. So conveniently effective to wind up a comedy with the commencement of someone else's tragedy. And everyone will go away saying "I'm glad it had a happy ending".'

I think myself that, for all their faults, *The Unbearable Bassington* and his other novel, *When William Came*—a not very complimentary picture of the reaction of upper-class London to an imagined German occupation—have been too readily pushed to one side in estimates of Saki's work. All the same, his name, I have no doubt, will survive on the strength of his short stories. In them—in the best of them—prigs, snobs, bores, politicians, and other self-important comedians, spiteful old women, and silly, smug young ones are deliciously impaled. Sometimes they are made the victims of appalling practical jokes; sometimes they are devoured by wolves—Saki was curiously obsessed by wolves—or gobbled up by hyenas or trampled underfoot by elks or tossed by



H. H. Munro ('Saki'): 1870-1916



bulls. Conversations are laced with the sort of splendid candour we are all capable of but perhaps wisely suppress. Cruel? Yes, I suppose so.

It is a coarse-grained world he is tilting against. Eating and drinking loom large; a great many of his characters are gluttons, or gourmets for whom 'a clear soup is more important than a clear conscience'. Cooks are very important people to be fought over and gambled for—and they inspired what is, I suppose, Saki's best-known joke: 'The cook was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go, she went'. In bachelor chambers and at large country-house parties, over tea and billiards, luncheon and dinner, during party games and amateur theatricals, in drawing-rooms and bedrooms and railway carriages, in the hunting-field and on dusty park benches, an irrepressible spirit of misrule takes charge. Sometimes Saki puts off the motley; and then, as you may have inferred from some of the passages I have quoted, he tended, like so many satirists, to become romantically sentimental. He nursed, in fact, a private dream; what faith he had he pinned to a boyish, narrow, aristocratic code of honour. Sometimes it is difficult to believe that he is writing, so to speak, with a straight face.

His stories of the supernatural seem to me only competent exercises in the conventionally macabre. A far stranger attraction came from what used to be called the wide open spaces, and whenever he wrote about them a remarkable glaze came over his eye—and his prose. The note he struck in an early piece, 'Judkin and the Parcels', often recurred:

Judkin . . . who carried parcels back to his English villa . . . has known what it was to coax the fret of a thoroughbred, to soothe its toss and sweat as it danced beneath him in the glee and chafe of its pulses and the glory of its thews. He has been in the raw places of the earth, where the desert beasts have whispered their unthinkable psalmody . . .

and so on. You recognise those unthinkable psalmodies? Of course you do: Kipling at what we now think of as his worst. And Saki was not imitating Kipling; he was cast in the same mould.

He is usually docketed in the literary card-index system, which is what so much so-called criticism amounts to nowadays, along with Wilde and that acid lady John Oliver Hobbes, with the Anthony Hope of the 'Dolly Dialogues', with the young playwright Mr. Maugham, and so, through Firbank, with Mr. Waugh. I would suggest that if you must, as they say, place him, he has far more in common with

Thackeray, Kipling, and George Orwell. All four had Anglo-Indian backgrounds and divided childhoods. They were all fascinated by the social display and organisation of life 'at home'; their works might be thought of as separate but fundamentally similar explosions of what one could call, I hope without offence, the colonial mentality, a little disappointed, sometimes more than a little embittered. Thackeray's self-conscious moralising bubbled up often in Saki; so did Kipling's emotional afflatus. The comparison with Orwell may seem far-fetched; but I do not think it is. I would suggest that the same feelings, in different generations, drove Orwell to prodigies of bleak panache and turned his snobberies upside down, and drove Saki in 1914 not only to join the Army when well over age but consistently to refuse a commission.

This piece of romanticism was exactly akin to Orwell's plunge into the proletariat. Saki had first done the opposite; unlike Orwell he enjoyed what there was to be enjoyed, and exercised his talent in pricking the great, luxurious, blubbery octopus which was and is the more or less *beau monde*. His point of view broadened greatly during his twenty years of writing. Had he lived he might easily, I think, have come to write *Animal Farm* himself.

Do not be misled into thinking that his satire must have dated. Human failings in an overblown civilisation are always much the same. Taken simply as comic anecdotes, most of his stories are more than good value, and about a score are first-class by any standard. But even the slenderest gain body and give delight by their incidental commentary. Sometimes this is exuberantly and shamelessly frivolous: 'To be clever in the afternoon argues that one is dining nowhere in the evening'. Sometimes—indeed often—the asides stab. We all know the fellow who 'spoke of several duchesses as if he knew them, and in his more inspired moments as if they knew him'. Sometimes they seem irresponsible but carry an after-taste of uneasy truth: 'Women with perfect profiles are seldom agreeable'; or, again: 'Every profession has its secrets; if it hadn't it wouldn't be a profession'.

But I could go on like this for ever, with an example from almost every page of Saki's works; and it is really doing him no service to present him simply as a brittle wit. He was rather a jungle-boy in the drawing-room, a puck among the plush and gilt. He remains a minor master, as apt to our own day as to his own; if you have not tried him, let me beg you to do so.—*Home Service*

## Three Poems

### Homage to Sonneteers

I cannot run out of the light of the moon.  
What care I, Cain, for nagging nightingales  
(The voices many, ever the same old tune)?  
Who chose between the Fishes and the Scales?  
It was not I. I am the hunted man,  
The horned man, the Scorpion. (Or the Bull?)  
Abel conformed. And Abel's dead. He ran,  
Ran while the hunted played the hunter, full  
Of paradox. And Paradise is gated,  
The old ones weep, old stones in battered cloister.  
The moon still burns upon the one they hated  
And, in an R-less month, the world's my oyster.  
Why should I spend my eyes in looking back,  
Bound to the mad wheel of the Zodiac?

JOHN CROW

### The Other Time

He killed a man  
In a drunken brawl;  
They tried him, hanged him.  
That was all.

But he left his wife  
Nearly penniless.  
She was raven-haired,  
She was glamorous,

She had swooned in court,  
She had caused a stir.  
And the editor of  
*The Sunday Blare*,

Aware of his readers'  
Appetite  
And judging she should  
Be worth a bit,

Hurried a snooper  
Round to her house  
With an offer she thought  
Quite fabulous,

If she'd lend her picture,  
Lend her name  
To a story about  
Her life with Him.

They'd write it up  
From what she said.  
Did she understand?  
She understood.

'I never had much,  
I've still less now,  
I need the money.  
The answer's No'.

As he rose to go  
He noticed a medal,  
Mounted and framed,  
Above the mantel.

And asked her about it.  
Where was it won?  
When did he get it?  
What had he done?

'Oh, that', she said.  
'They pinned that on  
The other time  
He killed a man'.

PETER APPLETON

### The Hollow

Lost in the marshy hollow,  
Between river and orchard white.  
The catkin'd hazels quiver, willows  
Golden fleeced flower bright.  
Primroses peer from dead sedges,  
The leaf-fledged thorn is awake,  
And the kingcups are on fire  
Where no hand may reach and take.

Loveliest thus is the hollow;  
Fast will enchantment fade;  
Here summer will lavish sweet airs, roses,  
The depth of her green shade.  
Proud yellow flags, bullrushes  
Will quench this burning glow;  
But the jewelled spring past crosses  
Will wander clear as now.

CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT



# On Educating Physicists

By NORWOOD RUSSELL HANSON

I HAD better say something about history and philosophy of science themselves before asking whether anything is to be gained from stressing historical and philosophical factors in teaching science. Many who are indifferent to and even oppose this approach to teaching science do not understand what historians and philosophers find interesting in it. So let me first try to make clear what history and philosophy of science is not.

## The Historians of Science

Historians of science are more than chroniclers. They are not concerned merely to construct a master record of what happened when, of discoveries, inventions, and personalities, of birthdays and family connections. True, many books on the history of science read as if the author were designing a calendar, a genealogical tree, or a periodic table of the events which have made the science what it is. This is to history of science at its best as bird watching is to genetic theory.

History of science is concerned with ideas. They are also what the philosopher of science is interested in, in a different way. Those who oppose the study of history and philosophy of science ought to begin by denying that scientific research requires any thought at all. Once admit that it does, and the two related studies become important. Ideas evolve and are logically related to one another. The historian explores the evolution of scientific ideas. The philosopher explores the way the ideas are related logically. In a way, every scientist who grasps an idea does exactly this. Would anyone who lacked all knowledge of the development of an idea and all knowledge of its logic ever be said to have a grasp of it?

The historian of science is not a Royal Society book-keeper kept to settle future claims as to the priority of inventions and discoveries. He is an explorer. He seeks in the intellectual environment of a period what led to the formation of a certain pattern of thought. He discloses new aspects of concepts like acceleration, force, mass, field, etc. What inclined men of different scientific periods to fashion these concepts one way rather than another? We can understand a man better when we know how he has behaved on certain occasions and why, and what his views are on the matter which led to his action. So, too, we shall have a better grasp of a scientific concept— $H_2SO_4$ , say—when we know what led chemists to express themselves in this way about this substance. After all, sulphuric acid was known only as 'oil of vitriol' 150 years ago. What discoveries, what insights into the nature of matter, what theories about chemical combination, led our great-grandparents to adopt these symbols as a more adequate way of discussing sulphuric acid?

It has been remarked that  $H_2SO_4$  contains the history of mankind. That may be an exaggeration. But clearly, in so far as science masters and university lecturers expose this formula as if it were a token in a juggling act called 'chemical theory', they are losing an opportunity to put a broader, more exciting interest into their presentation of the subject. They are not disclosing the full significance of the formula within the system of chemical theory itself. Few would deny, however, that the sciences have a history. Philosophy of science does not always escape with even this minimal claim. Since I am a practitioner of this black art, I had better do in detail for philosophy what I have done cursorily for history.

## Not a Secular Religion

If history is not chronicle, philosophy of science is not a secular religion for conscience-stricken research-workers. The question 'Whither science' has been posed *ad nauseam*. Divines, demagogues, and despondent dramatists have viewed science as the instrument of gleeful Franksteins bent on creating the uncontrollable. So they 'philosophise' about the future of science in our civilisation. In an age of bigger and better bombs this is worth discussing—even discussing carefully, which is rarely done. But the issue is not of internal importance to the teaching of science. It is a different subject. It affects scientists no

more than it affects other members of the community. It is a matter affecting the scientist as citizen, not as scientist.

A real case for the introduction of history and philosophy of science into physics teaching, for example, must consist in the possibility that men may become better scientists, better physicists, as a result. Philosophy of science cannot increase manual dexterity. It is, however, rather like sharpening one's wits—by considering the character of one's experimental problems, the logical structure of arguments and proofs, and appreciating the general nature of a science's subject matter.

But scientists often recoil for another reason. Physicists rightly dislike the idea of academic philosophers and historians telling them what science is all about. If physics were beset with all the problems that philosophers and historians manage to find in it, they would be handy chaps to have around every laboratory. But, the scientist will ask, 'How can scholars who have never seen the inside of a modern physics laboratory and never groped through the perplexities of a research task of their own, or felt that unsettlement which attends every decision at the frontiers of inquiry—how can they know what the conceptual problems of physics are?' They cannot—unless they have been themselves scientists; which is an indispensable requirement for anyone concerned with the teaching of history and philosophy of science.

The scientist's question gains force when one sees how unrecognisable to research workers are the problems 'pure' philosophers have about the natural sciences. For example: How can one 'construct' concepts of electrons out of visual impressions of pointer readings? How can one justify the use of inductive procedures in natural science? How can one, in the reports of one's research, approximate to the exposition of pure mathematics or formal logic?

## Questions Worth Asking

That these questions are not always recognisable to scientists does not mean that they are not worth asking. Philosophers do ask them and suggest answers to them with clarity and insight. They are not recognised because they are not problems scientists have, however much they might have had them if they had taken a degree in philosophy. On the other hand, philosophers sometimes refuse to discuss the conceptual problems physicists have, saying that these are too naive for discussion. This is strange. Who should know better than the physicist himself what perplexities beset his laboratory work?

Furthermore, the scientist sometimes feels uneasy about members of arts faculties taking it as their mission to educate and humanise their under-privileged brethren, the research-worker and the science teacher. The gap between science and the rest of the academic community is to be 'closed', apparently, by plastering the Cavendish with culture, by threading modern poetry into the study of metallurgy and petrology, by hiding the intellectual nakedness of science graduates with a sheep-skin fashioned as much by dramatic arts as by laboratory science. Some of this would be good. There is such a gap. But it is presumption indeed to complain of the low culture among the scientific fraternity when so few of the *literati* have even a rudimentary knowledge of the thinking that has shaped the western mind. The assumptions and methods characteristic of science since Galileo have had a profound influence on our contemporary intellectual life. Without understanding these, an adequate assessment of the pattern of our times is impossible. In this respect the physics student who has not read Homer is in a better position than the classics student who has not read Newton, or who knows nothing of mechanics.

Will we all agree that physicists are not laboratory machines periodically tested by examinations? They have to think. But thinking is working with ideas. And ideas always have a history and are usually logically related. Understand the history and the logic of an idea and you have a better grasp of it. You know what shaped the idea, what it implies, what observations it makes sense of, and what it can and cannot be used for.

Consider some theorem of geometry—that the sum of the internal

(continued on page 216)



# NEWS DIARY

February 1-7

## Wednesday, February 1

A Joint Declaration of Washington is published by President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden. A *communiqué* about the conference is also published

The British Isles have their coldest day since 1895

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are welcomed in Kaduna, capital of the Northern Region of Nigeria

## Thursday, February 2

Sir Anthony Eden addresses both Houses of the U.S. Congress

Britain's gold and dollar reserves increased in January for the first time for more than eight months

Mr. James Griffiths is elected vice-chairman and deputy leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party

## Friday, February 3

M. Mollet, the new French Prime Minister, announces that he will visit Algiers

Prime Minister gives a press conference before leaving Washington for Canada

Crew of a Norwegian freighter is rescued off the coast of Scotland by naval helicopters

## Saturday, February 4

Sir Anthony Eden meets the Canadian Prime Minister in Ottawa

Austrian Government orders dissolution of World Federation of Trade Unions headquarters in Vienna

Russia protests to United States and Turkey about release of balloons over Russia and other communist countries

Thaw ends coldest weather of the winter

## Sunday, February 5

Archbishop of Malta asks for postponement of referendum due to take place next weekend

Moscow radio comments on Washington Declaration and exchange of letters between Marshal Bulganin and President Eisenhower

Figures published by Ministry of Transport show that road casualties in Britain in 1955 were nearly 30,000 more than in 1954

## Monday, February 6

General Catroux resigns his new post as Minister-Resident in Algiers after French settlers demonstrate against policy of M. Mollet's new Government

Bill to increase pensions for retired public servants is published

## Tuesday, February 7

Demonstrations take place in Famagusta after student is killed in riot

Conference on proposed British Caribbean Federation opens in London

H.M. the Queen receives loyal address in Eastern Region of Nigeria



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spent last week in the Northern Region of Nigeria. In this photograph the Prime Minister of the region, the Sardauna of Sokoto, is showing Her Majesty examples of native handicraft in a model village at Kaduna



Miss Tenley Albright of the United States winning the women's figure skating event in the Winter Olympic Games at Cortina on February 2



A seven-foot figure, 'The Queen of the Seas', carved from a half-ton block of Perspex by an Australian sculptor, Dr. Arthur Fleischman, for the embarkation hall of the new Pacific Steam Navigation liner, *Reina del Mar*

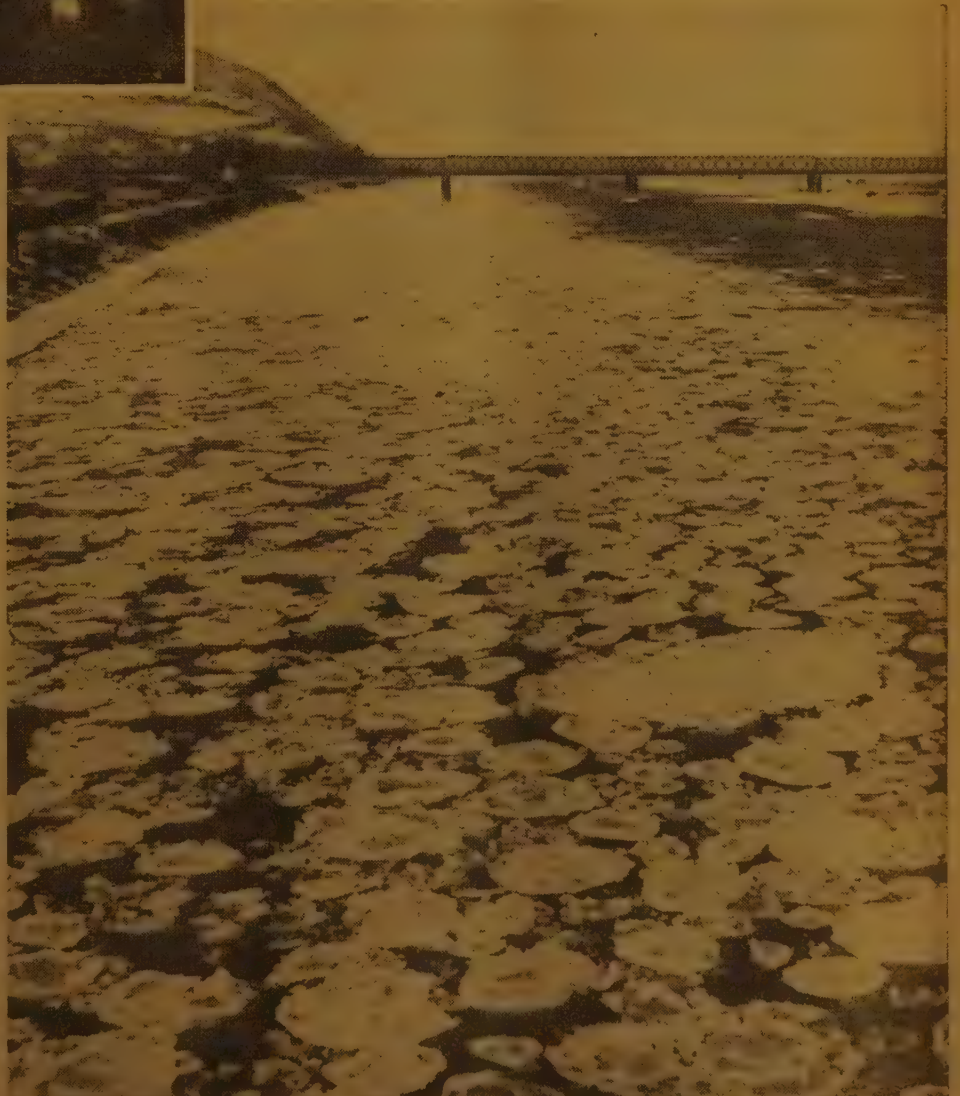
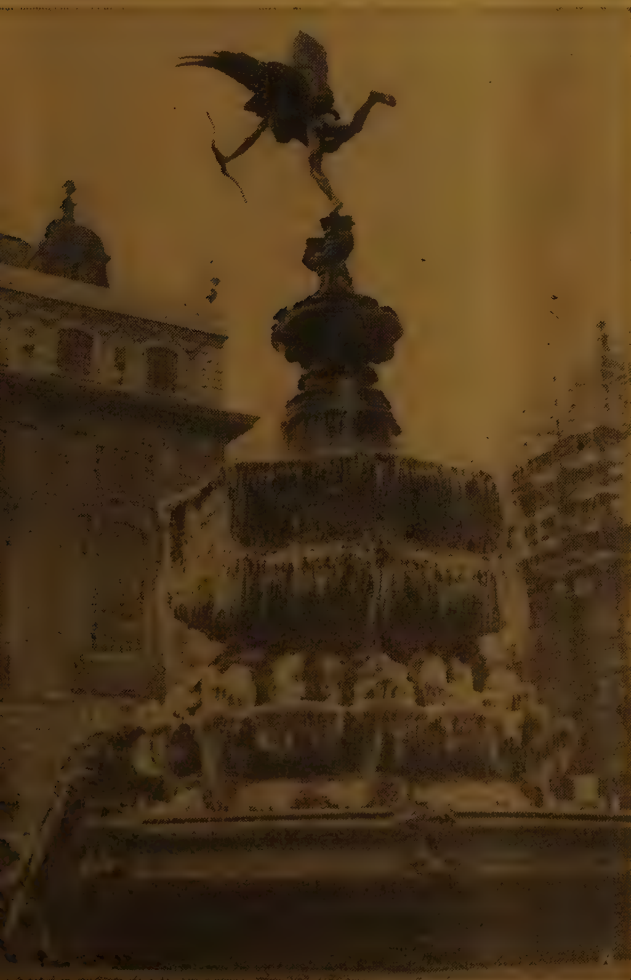




the House of Representatives in Washington during Sir Anthony on February 2. He had earlier addressed the Senate. The next day Minister and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd flew to Ottawa for talks with Canadian leaders; they are due back in London today



M. Guy Mollet, the new Prime Minister of France. In the National Assembly on February 1, M. Mollet (Socialist) obtained 420 votes against 71 with 83 abstentions. M. Mollet's visit to Algiers on February 6 was marked by hostile demonstrations, and General Catroux, the newly appointed Minister-Resident, has since resigned



Ice floes covering the river Danube in Austria: a photograph taken during the cold spell which affected all Europe last week. Left: the Eros fountain in Piccadilly, London, festooned with icicles. At Kew on February 1 the maximum temperature was 24.1 degrees—the lowest recorded since 1895



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angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. What is meant by saying this is true? There are non-Euclidean geometries in which triangles have properties different from what has just been described. What is meant by saying of the space in which we live that it is Euclidean? This seemed a natural thing to ask for the founders of non-Euclidean geometries over a hundred years ago. Students today rarely hear the question. Many university graduates in mathematics or physics have never heard of it. If you put it to them, they cannot even understand its meaning without interpretation. This is startling, since the question is central in any attempt to understand what mathematics is and what physics is. It is not merely a 'pure' philosopher's question, either, since a student's actual grasp of his science can be affected profoundly by his thinking hard about this matter.

Look at any textbook on geometry. Can you find half a page devoted to the sense in which geometry is true? If you find anything at all it will be an embarrassed attempt to dodge the question. This is criminal; for it is a most fruitful problem. It shows up the relation of physics and mathematics to other fields and other methods of acquiring knowledge. Rarely is the student even shown that mathematics is a formal science. It makes no pronouncement on matters of fact. It deals only with hypothetical statements of the form: if proposition A is true then it follows that proposition B is also true. Mathematics *per se* is never in a position to assert that the proposition A is true, in the sense in which we can say that the refractive index of diamond is 2.417. The statements of mathematics are of the form 'all bachelors are unmarried'. To deny such a statement is not factually wrong, it is absurd, meaningless. But if we take a factual statement like 'all bachelors are less than twenty feet in height' and deny that, we may possibly be wrong. But no such statements can occur in a formal science like mathematics. For mathematics is concerned not with what is, but with what follows.

### 'Devastating Effect on the Student'

This failure to discuss the foundations of geometry has a devastating effect on the student. Anyone who fails to grasp the relationship between mathematics and physics at this level will fail to understand the connections between experimental confirmation and mathematical proof in advanced physics.

He will never, for example, appreciate Kepler's achievement. Kepler practised what Plato preached, reducing complex clusters of phenomena to mathematically clean and simple conceptions. After realising that Mars' orbit was not circular, he thought it moved in an ovoid, or egg-shaped, path round the sun. No geometer at that time could manage the equations of such a curve. So he did something that would be second nature to every theoretical physicist today. He treated the orbit as an approximation to an ellipse, whose formal properties had been set out by Archimedes. This egg-shaped curve actually failed him. None the less it marks the real wedding between mathematics and experiment, a marriage that has grown indissoluble for physics. The nature of this union today will not be noticed by the man who cannot distinguish, as Kepler taught us to do, a physical hypothesis from the purely mathematical reflections which shape and polish that hypothesis. Such a man will never really understand the role played by mathematical theory in quantum physics, in atomic research, and in theoretical chemistry. These more advanced battles can be prepared for, however. The schoolboy who can think Kepler's thoughts may one day give the world a few of his own.

A well-known textbook asserts that Einstein proved 'mathematically' that a body cannot move with the speed of light. The author has surely not expressed himself well. I suspect he is unaware of the remark made by Einstein himself, namely that in so far as mathematics applies to reality it is not certain, and that in so far as mathematics is certain it does not apply to reality. How could *mathematics* prove that no body can exceed the speed of light? Students of physics are not even given an instinctive feeling that no statements of physics can be proved mathematically; every argument in science consists only in deriving (often by mathematical means) one statement of fact from other statements of fact. This instinct is certainly not as strong amongst our young research-workers today as it was for Einstein, Bohr, Dirac, Schrödinger, and Heisenberg; men who have enriched philosophy of science by their acute analysis of which were the logical and which the experimental factors in their work.

The traditional 'engineer's manual' approach has missed this opportunity to make clear to the student a distinction which is central to a

full understanding of physics. In a terse, small-scale form we have here, in the distinction between geometry and the physics of actual space, a special case concerning the interaction between experience and reasoning, practice and theory. We see the point made more forcibly in Kepler's work, again in Newton, and indeed through the whole history of physics. Any field which could profit from a reasonable, scientific approach will need recruits for whom physics courses were an exciting intellectual and educational exercise, and not merely a blackboard drill.

### Need for a New Dimension in Teaching?

Why have we not added this new dimension to our physics teaching? Why are these considerations regarded as something extrinsic to the actual teaching of physics? Why do educators still seem to think that the way to 'humanise' scientific students is to sandwich thin slices of Shakespeare between their thick crusts of statics and statistics? Perhaps  $H_2SO_4$  may not contain the history of mankind; but if it is carefully laid before the student he can come to feel the impact of this notation on chemical thinking in the nineteenth century, more specifically on great men like Richter, Dalton, Prout, Faraday, and Maxwell. He will see the important affinities between operating with this set of symbols and operating with other symbols in other sciences, and even in non-scientific disciplines. The physics teacher should look upon  $H_2SO_4$  as a mine of educationally valuable nuggets. If properly explored it will pour out the history of atomism, the beginnings of valence theory, and the whole story of theory, experimentation, and scientific inference. And Kepler's ellipse contains the fundamentals of all astronomy, a general account of the nature of observation, and a tale of a great scientist's heroic struggle with the most puzzling data.

Why should the student be denied this? He will have to learn it for himself later. Even if he deserts science it cannot but benefit him to see how experience and thought as they were involved in forming the idea of  $H_2SO_4$  is but a special case of the relation of experience and reason in every field of human endeavour.

Thus the respective roles of mathematics and physics in our understanding of geometry is a simple, forceful example important to one's understanding of science in particular, and of problem-solving in general. Every problem in physics gives us such an example. Every discovery is a landmark in intellectual history. How could we ever allow them to be recited as a catalogue of dry formulas?

Let me give you an example of the way in which my history of science colleague, Dr. A. R. Hall, and I try to integrate our lectures with each other and with the physics lectures. Naturally we must have a good idea of what the students are doing from week to week in their science lectures and laboratories. For example, lectures in optics usually deal in detail with interference phenomena, and raise interesting general questions about the controversy over the nature of light. At the same time Dr. Hall considers what inclined Newton to believe that light consisted of particles and what inclined Huygens to believe it consisted of waves. Hall always stresses the essential opposition in ideas—the intellectual content of such disputes. Students' reactions show that this historical excursus admirably complements the straight physics lectures; it gives them an interest and depth they might never have had otherwise.

### 'Crucial' Experiments

Then Hall treats the conceptual context in which Young, Fresnel, and ultimately Foucault conducted their famous experiments to show that light consisted of waves. Meanwhile, I have been lecturing on the general question of crucial experiments in physics—what they are, and when they are possible. So it is natural to consider these optical experiments further, for they are all described as 'crucial'. If they were crucial we should never again have heard of the theory that light consisted of particles. We found that these nineteenth-century experiments were indeed crucial, but only against an implicit background of assumptions like this: Young, Fresnel, and Foucault all believed light must be propagated either like waves or like particles; but they also believed that it must be propagated in at least one of these ways, and in no case in both of these ways at the same time. There was no real justification for believing in these conditions, though, as Hall shows, all the prior work of Kepler, Newton, and Huygens made it natural to regard waves and particles as completely incompatible things. Yet these experiments could be regarded as crucial only if the logical condition, '... but in at least one of these ways and in no case in both of these ways at the same time', was accepted. The discoveries of this century have not shown that Young, Fresnel, and Foucault were wrong to think that



light is undulatory, but rather that they were too hasty in accepting this important but seldom noticed clause.

Experiments are crucial only against a background of undisputed theory. Question this theory and it becomes clear that the finality of the word 'crucial' is bought by mortgaging away all expectations that anything new may be discovered which will change our ideas as to the phenomena before us. The history of physics is not silent on this matter either.

Of all man's efforts to make his surroundings intelligible nothing can approach physical inquiry as an exciting, formally beautiful, and intellectually challenging exploration. Anything that can bring these aspects of physics into better focus is worth while for its own sake, for the good it can do in training tomorrow's physicists, and for our entire approach to the meaning of 'education'. More attention paid to the historical and philosophical aspects of physics might serve as a lens for the achievement of this better focus.—*Third Programme*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Should the Death Penalty be Abolished?

Sir,—I felt much indebted to Professor Hart for his thoughtful review of the argument about the death penalty (THE LISTENER, January 19). He removed many misconceptions but some of his conclusions from statistics do, I think, call for further examination. Before dealing with these may I emphasise two fundamental points which appear to have been ignored both by the Royal Commission and by writers and speakers on this subject?

The first is this: the operation of the death penalty is a long-term effect. Its imposition or abolition is unlikely to produce an immediate change in the murder rate large enough not to be masked by the substantial changes from year to year, changes either 'accidental' or due to causes not yet clearly defined. There is unlikely to be, in any civilised country, a string of would-be murderers straining at the leash, waiting only for the death penalty to be removed, to commit murder right and left or *vice versa*. The effect is likely to be in part cumulative, and in any case only ascertainable from a series of records long enough to permit the elimination of the accidental and other variations.

The second point concerns the misconception, implicit in statements in the Royal Commission Report and in Professor Hart's broadcast, that the murder rate is constant and

that the most valuable use of the figures is to take individual countries where the death penalty has been abolished or reintroduced and to enquire whether abolition has led to a rise in the murder rate or introduction of the death penalty led to a fall.

Over the thirty years from 1910 to 1939 the ten-year average murder rate in England and Wales fell from 4.1 to 3.3 per 1,000,000 (actually because fewer babies were murdered) and in Sweden it fell from 13.3 to 8.1. In neither country was there any change in respect of the death penalty. Yet if it had been abolished in England and Wales in 1910 and the result had been 100 more murders in the decade 1930-39 than did actually occur, there would still have been a substantial decrease in the murder rate following abolition from 4.1 to 3.55. If the penalty had been made operative in Sweden in 1910 and had produced no effect, there would still have been a quite spectacular decrease in the murder rate. The evaluation of these general trends, which are quite independent of variations in respect of the death penalty, is the practically insuperable obstacle to the determination of the effect of the penalty from records of an individual country.

The most important positive conclusion in Professor Hart's broadcast is based on his interpretation of records from two groups of states: (1) North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and (2) Queensland, New South Wales. The states in each group are 'similar in character, with figures compiled on a similar basis' and 'present

peculiarly good materials for sound inference'. One state in each group retained the death penalty during a period in which another member of the group abolished it or restored it. This gave a 'control group to test the effect of abolition or restoration'. Then the interpretation 'the rise and fall of the murder rate was nearly the same for each of the countries in the group' and the conclusion 'for these countries at least the evidence shows that the rise and fall of the murder rate is not conditioned by the death penalty but by some other factor'.

Although the conclusion is limited by the words 'for these countries' the paragraph, in which they come, taken as a whole implies that the conclusion is significant for the problem in this country, and that the death penalty has no effect on the murder rate. Indeed a later paragraph states: 'Belief in the superior efficacy of the death penalty cannot be called a realistic view'. This goes beyond the neutral conclusion of the Royal Commission and, in effect, comes down, on statistical grounds, claimed to be sound, on the side of abolition. If sound, the result would obviously be of outstanding importance. An examination of the relevant information, mainly that given in the Royal Commission Report, has convinced me that the records from these five states do not furnish a basis for sound conclusions relevant to the problem of the death penalty.

The state in the North American group which retained the death penalty during the period of the records—the control state—was Nebraska. The death penalty was introduced in South Dakota in 1939; previously, since 1915, this state had no death penalty. But Table 25 of Appendix VI of the Royal Commission Report shows that the death penalty was in abeyance in Nebraska from the time the records began, 1930 until 1945, when there was one execution. In the ten years 1930 to 1939 there were approximately 400 murders in Nebraska, but no execution. It could not therefore be rightly used as a state reflecting the operation of the death penalty. Further there was no execution in South Dakota until 1947; the death penalty was not operative. It could not be expected to show in the murder rates. In fact, the yearly rates vary enormously; from 1 to 28 per 1,000,000 in the Dakotas and from 10 to 49 in Nebraska; the yearly rates in the three states do not rise and fall together, they often change in opposite directions in the pairs of states and appear to be nearly random. This is not surprising in view of the small populations, about 650,000 in each Dakota and 1,300,000 in Nebraska. There is on the whole a decrease in the rates after 1930.

In the Australian group, New South Wales was the death-penalty control state. In Queensland the death penalty was in abeyance from 1911 and was formally abolished in 1922. But, just as in Nebraska, the death penalty in the

control state, New South Wales, though legally in force, was practically in abeyance. In the twenty-one years from 1918 to 1939-40 there were well over 1,000 murders and only 7 executions; after 1940 there were no executions. New South Wales could not be rightly used as a state reflecting the operations of the death penalty. The course of the murder rates in these two states in the forty years 1900 to 1939 was peculiar. The mean rates per 1,000,000 for the successive periods of ten years 1900-09, etc., were for New South Wales, 13, 19, 20, 25 and for Queensland 26, 20, 17, 13½. They did not rise and fall together; they changed in opposite directions. Part of the explanation of the increase in N.S.W. may be the concentration of half the population in Sydney which grew to a great seaport of nearly 1,000,000 people, many more than the whole population of Queensland. The murder rate for the ten years 1940-49 was higher in both states, 28 in N.S.W. and 16½ in Queensland. These facts, I suggest, demonstrate decisively that the records from the five states furnish, by their inter-comparison, no guidance as to the effectiveness of the death penalty. Even if the death penalty had been operative in the states concerned, the smallness of the populations and their character in these relatively under-developed areas, with murder rates about five times the rate here, would make their murder records unsuitable as patterns from which to draw deductions applicable to this country.

In another paragraph Professor Hart quotes the murder rates for Norway to refute the argument for abolition based on the mistaken belief that abolition countries have a lower-murder rate than our own. They seem to do more, especially if they are taken in conjunction with the, possibly more reliable, records for Sweden. These two countries had a combined population of about 9,000,000, and from their standard of life and education might have been expected to have a murder rate not differing greatly from that of England and Wales. In fact the rate is nearly double in Norway and more than double in Sweden for the thirty years of the paragraph mentioned, 1910 to 1939. (The values quoted for Norway exclude babies; those for England and Wales in the paragraph mentioned include babies. If the latter are adjusted by the exclusion of infants under one year the comparable figures for the three decades are 2.54, 2.73, 2.60 for England and Wales; 5.4, 4.9, 5.0 for Norway and 7.1, 5.0, 5.0 for Sweden where babies are also excluded. The definition of babies in Norway and Sweden may not be the same as 'infants under one year' but Sweden gives separate values for babies. If these are included the comparable figures become 4.1, 3.9, 3.3 for England and Wales; 12.8, 9.0, 8.2 for Sweden and Sweden comes out still worse.) The death penalty was rare in Sweden after 1865, it was definitely in abeyance from 1910 and was form-



ally abolished in 1921; in Norway it was abolished in 1905 after being thirty years in abeyance.

These facts do, at least, suggest that an operative death penalty is a factor in the establishment of a lower murder rate. If England and Wales had had the same murder rates as Norway there would have been 2,800 more murders in the thirty years; if the same rates as Sweden, 3,500 more. While it seems almost certain that there must have been some difference in the classification of murder to account for these large numbers, they cannot be lightly dismissed.

The murder rates in England and Wales excluding infants under one year and for the latter separately are illuminating, especially in their bearing on the proposal for a trial period. For the five decades from 1900 to 1949 they are respectively 2.90, 2.54, 2.73, 2.60, 3.28; and 1.55, 1.45, 1.11, .67, .63. If abolition increased the murder rate by only .1 (one tenth) per 1,000,000 above what it would be with an operative death penalty, between 40 and 50 more persons would be murdered in a decade. But the changes in the decadal values given above show that it would be quite impossible to disentangle a .1 increase, and the lives would have been sacrificed in vain. The proposal for a trial period is in flagrant defiance of the scientific interpretation of the records.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

E. GOLD

### U.S.S.R. and Technological Leadership

Sir,—Mr. Gregson's ill-tempered outburst in *THE LISTENER* of February 2 provides a good illustration of an outlook which is, I am afraid, rather prevalent. He takes it for granted that scientists are 'half men', supposedly in contrast to people educated in the arts. In my experience the average scientist is more educated in the real sense than the average arts man. If scientists knew only as much about the arts as the average arts man knows about science, they would never have learned about, say, the French Revolution or the *Inquisition*; they would never enjoy a work of Shakespeare, a painting by Rembrandt, or a Beethoven symphony.

May I remind Mr. Gregson of the inscription which Plato placed above the entrance to the Academy in Athens? 'Nobody may enter who does not understand geometry'—the science of the day. No man can be called really educated if he is oblivious of the most important laws which govern the universe, say the law of conservation of energy, relativity or the uncertainty principle. No doubt, scientists should acquire a wider knowledge of the liberal arts, but it is much more urgent that the non-scientists should learn something about science, in particular those whose task it is to run the country. Without an understanding of the spirit, the methods, and the potentialities of science they will not be able to take the right decisions in this age which, whether we like it or not, is so vitally influenced by the work of scientists and technologists. Nevertheless I did not suggest, as Mr. Gregson implies, that the country should be governed by 'experts', by which he probably means scientists. As long, however, as the hierarchy in charge of the country does not possess a more comprehensive education, it seems essential that they should be leavened by a number of scientists.

Mr. Gregson is scornful about my suggestion that teachers should be better paid. He 'was taught to believe that a profession was in some sense a vocation and that to put monetary reward as the prime incentive was somehow degrading and unethical'. I have never put monetary rewards as the prime incentive, but it is an important one, particularly for people who live near the subsistence level. Does Mr.

Gregson really wish to penalise a man's family because he has a vocation?

Finally, a few words about Mr. Tiley's letter in the same issue. He takes me to task for having spoken of the low level of the technical colleges. We know, of course, that there are a few technical colleges—they can be counted on one's fingers—which stand out above the average. However the majority of these 300 or so colleges, although quite suited for giving technicians a training in specialised subjects, are not really in a position to train technologists. Technological education must be based on a training in the fundamentals of science, and this can efficiently be done only at university level and by teachers actively engaged in research. Technicians, of course, play an essential part in the set-up of every industrial country and we certainly need greater numbers of them than we have now, but we should not mix them up with technologists. The latter, together with the scientists, are today the spearhead of technical progress and we should not forget that Britain was overtaken technologically when other countries switched over their technological education on a wide front either to technology departments in the universities or, more frequently, to the newly created Institutes (or Universities) of Technology. I emphasised in my broadcast that many of those who are now being trained in technical colleges deserve to be educated at university level, and this I repeat emphatically. My views may be unpopular in some quarters, but the position is so grave that we cannot afford to ignore politely one of the most serious defects of technological education in Britain.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

F. E. SIMON

Sir,—I read with great interest Sir Francis Simon's talk on technological leadership in *THE LISTENER* of January 19, and I agree with many of the suggestions he makes for steps to be taken to improve the education of technologists in this country. There is, however, one statement which he makes, namely, 'an excessive proportion of our engineers is educated at the low level of the technical colleges, though many would deserve a proper grounding in the fundamentals', which I feel must be refuted because, unfortunately, so many scientists, who have not worked in a major technical college, still think of the major colleges as if they are the technical institutes of fifty years ago. The statement is quite untrue today; the education in the major technical colleges (twenty-five to thirty in all) is not low grade compared with that in the universities.

To support my view I give an analysis of the first 500 engineering degrees of London University in 1951 taken in alphabetical order from the official tests. The table below shows in the first column the number of degrees obtained by (a) the internal colleges of London University, namely, King's, University, Queen Mary, and Imperial; (b) the London technical colleges from which students take internal engineering degrees, namely, Battersea, Northampton, Woolwich, and West Ham; (c) the technical colleges throughout the country from which students take external degrees. The second, third, and fourth columns give the percentages of first-class honours, second-class honours, and pass degrees respectively:

(a)	135	15	43	42
(b)	149	13	43	44
(c)	216	11	36	53

When one makes allowance for the fact that the colleges of the university certainly have the pick of the boys from grammar schools—for instance, they have state scholars but the technical colleges do not—it is clear that the slightly larger percentage of 'firsts' obtained by the

colleges of the university is in no way remarkable.

Moreover, it is clear that in 1951 of the total number of engineering graduates the technical colleges trained nearly three times as many as the colleges of the university; the proportion now is not quite as large but it would still be true to say that twice as many are trained in technical colleges as in the colleges of the university.

I am sure anyone who is unbiased must agree that the above analysis shows that in our major technical colleges we have the staff and laboratories to train more technologists. It is not necessary to build new colleges, only to extend existing ones.

The running of the examinations for the new diploma, or degree, in technology are quite safely left in the hands of the staff of these technical colleges because a large number of them have been examiners for the London degree examinations and some, indeed, have been chairmen of boards of examiners for the degrees.

I have not mentioned science degrees above but even in science courses the proportion of degrees obtained by technical colleges is considerable though not as marked as in engineering; in 1951 the technical colleges students obtained just over half the degrees.—Yours, etc.

London, S.E.9

H. V. LOWRY

### Oxford and its Traffic Problems

Sir,—Your readers may well have heard enough about Oxford roads, but for the purposes of the record I should like to make plain one point concerning the vital votes in Congregation referred to by the Warden of Merton in his letter in *THE LISTENER* of January 26.

Congregation, without a single dissentient vote, agreed that it was expedient that the University, even if it was against the provision of inner relief roads, should record its preference as regards such roads, and should do so by recording its votes on two motions, one to the effect that the 'lamb and flag' road was preferable to a road running through the southern part of Christ Church Meadow, the other to the contrary effect.

Certain persons issued an appeal to members of Congregation to vote, when the day came, against both motions. If this advice had been universally, or even generally, followed it would of course have stultified the debate—which was the avowed purpose of those who issued the appeal.

In the event, a number of people succumbed to this pressure, and the votes actually cast were: for the 'Lamb and Flag' road 10, against 405; for the Meadow road 216, against 187. Those who voted against both deliberately concealed any preference they may have had. If these ambiguous votes are disregarded, it will be seen that the vote in favour of a road through the southern part of the Meadow was about 220 as against 10 in favour of the 'Lamb and Flag' road—i.e., about 20 to 1 in favour of the road through the Meadow. This was, as I hope I have made plain, on the hypothesis that an inner relief road was to be constructed, and that these two were the only alternatives.

It is easy to fall into the error of supposing that the effect of the whole debate was the expression of a preference for the Meadow road by 216 to 187, i.e., that the proportion of unambiguous preferences that way was 21 to 18, instead of being, as it actually was, more than 20 to 1.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

JOHN SPARROW  
(Warden of All Souls College)

Sir,—On reflection I see I have misread the talk on Oxford road problems by the Warden of All Souls (*THE LISTENER*, January 19) and would like to offer him a sincere and friendly



apology. I did him an injustice on both points for which I attacked it.

The fact that there are those who think Oxford traffic problems have been grossly exaggerated is, after all, allowed for in some degree by his talk; moreover it is perfectly true, as he said, that Congregation expressed its disapproval of the City's proposal for a relief road leading into St. Giles by 405 votes to 10, and 'declared that of the two it preferred a road through Christ Church Meadow'. As has already been explained by the Warden of Merton, this preference was carried by a majority of only 29, a fact accidentally omitted by Mr. Sparrow. It was this which led me into thinking he had made an error on this point; I am happy to acknowledge that the error was mine.

Yours, etc.,

Exeter College, Oxford NEVILL COGHILL

### 'Persian Oil'

Sir,—If I trouble you with yet one more letter about *Persian Oil*, in reply to Mr. Elwell-Sutton's letter in THE LISTENER of January 19, it is merely to state that I believe his description of the Russo-Persian Treaty of 1921 is wrong in nearly every if not every particular. He describes the concessions returned as 'something like twenty concessions including telegraph lines, banking, insurance, road transport, railways, shipping, mining, petroleum, and pipe-lines'. The Russians had no concession for oil, and

therefore could not return it; if they had a concession for a mine or mines (I know of none) it was not for mining in general. As to railways, roads, banks, etc., the Russian concessions were not monopolies but for specific items. Under the treaty therefore the Persian Government were free to grant concessions in the north, to third parties, for oil, mines (failing proof to the contrary), any railway except the Tabriz line, any roads but the two specified, and so on. To this could be added two highly valuable resources that Mr. Elwell-Sutton overlooks: the Caspian forests and the tobacco-growing industry. Some popcorn!

The Persian Government exercised the freedom which Mr. Elwell-Sutton denies that they possessed, by granting oil concessions in the north, between 1923 and 1939, to American and Dutch interests. If, as Mr. Elwell-Sutton claims, oil was among the concessions returned by Russia to Persia, then the Persian Government was even breaking the treaty, let alone some unwritten condition which was 'supposed' to bind them.—Yours, etc.,

Dry Sandford

R. W. BULLARD

### 'A Time to Recall'

Sir,—I must apologise for having shifted the sense of Goethe's verses from the cosmic to human agencies of the historic processes. Nevertheless it is too naive to imagine (as Professor Mason suggests) that I can, by a single quota-

tion, 'represent' Goethe 'as an apostle of Dionysian upheavalism', any more than that Professor Mason, by another quotation, can represent him as an advocate of Apollonian quietism. Goethe cannot be crammed into either box.

As for my talk, I was interested to remember that Goethe, born seven years before Mozart, lived long enough to put Byron into the second part of 'Faust'. That Faust himself (I beg to differ from Professor Mason) is not a Mozartian figure, but quite possibly Beethovenian. And the perfect setting of 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' is not by Mozart but by Schubert.

This is not merely a matter of dates but of temper.—Yours, etc.,

Tidebrook

MICHAEL TIPPETT

### 'Mozart in Retrospect'

Sir,—It is unfortunately true that some art-historians have insufficiently discriminated between the terms 'baroque' and 'rococo', and I am sorry to learn that Dr. Pevsner has lent the weight of his authority to the confusion. Although rococo developed from baroque and the line of demarcation between the two styles is not always easy to draw, there are two styles and two names for them. So why not apply these names correctly whenever the differentiation is obviously possible?—Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

## France after the Elections

(continued from page 205)

start because in so many constituencies everyone, from socialist to conservative, had entered into an alliance against Communist and Gaullist. This time at least right and left opposed each other at the elections, but they have been returned to a parliament in which only 400 out of 600 deputies believe in parliamentarianism at all and the parliamentary game cannot therefore be properly played. But, finally, voting for Poujade is not the same thing as voting for La Rocque. La Rocque was not a wise or an intelligent man, but he did not jeer at Jewish opponents for being Jews. He did not, as M. Poujade does, blandly deny facts so blatant as that today alcoholism is a grave threat to the physical and mental health of France. He was silly but he was not mean, and for some sections of the nation he even provided a sort of initiation into public responsibility. It is difficult to name a single reason for thinking that Poujade is good for anything except his supporters' pockets. He has been called a fascist but fascism had at least the moral dignity of asking for sacrifice. When M. Poujade denounces the traitors who give away French overseas territories, a theme to which he turns increasingly, he does not go on to say that it is every young Frenchman's duty to go and fight there. He says it will be enough if all the *gendarmes* in France are sent to Algeria and the conscripts are brought home.

This is a sombre picture I have been painting: too sombre, you may say, when only one Frenchman in eight has voted for Poujade; when his supporters may be disillusioned as quickly as they have gathered. But it is the first time that an eighth of the electorate has simply voted for passing the buck. Why be disillusioned with that simple and satisfactory process? It is a mere moral decline—not even a bout of sin that will bring its own disgust. Secondly, it must be admitted that the last Assembly has left a deplorable record: not because it was corrupt

or debased, but because it never faced any issue in time to forestall disaster and could not even resolve on a dignified departure. Its governments fell on secondary issues or because the Assembly refused to face the major ones. Its habits of work were fatuously inefficient—though also stupidly laborious. Nobody could look at the last Assembly, with its governments labouring to take decisions and then unable to carry them out, its prime ministers puffing and blowing like the Red Queen in an effort to run fast enough to stand still, and feel inspired to admiration of the system. The parliamentary parties defeated those who tried to change the principles of the constitution and then unintentionally held those principles up to mockery. To cure the nation of creeping Poujadism, of this fascism which has not even the ambition or backbone of fascism, something better must be offered than the Fourth Republic's record up to date. A regime which has lost the loyalty of three-quarters of the industrial workers cannot afford to lose the lower-middle classes too. It must recover one or the other.

As it stands, Poujadism is a negative danger. It limits the part of the nation from which intelligent effort can be expected. But it is not, in its present state, a movement like the nazis trying to take over power. Rather it is taking for granted the effort of others to govern and trying to squeeze advantage out of it. But it does not follow that this will continue to be the state of affairs. M. Poujade, who lacks neither talent nor vigour, may well discover new horizons, equip himself with some knowledge, and become in fact something more like a fascist leader. Or those who fifteen years ago felt a sympathy with fascist aims as well as methods and who, with the passage of time since 1944, no longer have public life automatically barred to them, may succeed in taking over the Poujadist party. Unpleasant possibilities are opened. The republicans in the widest sense, not just the so-called

Republican Front but all those Frenchmen who believe in liberty, from socialists to conservatives and including the remnant of the Gaullists, are faced with a very grave challenge at the moment when their possibilities are, by the nature of the challenge, restricted. It will not be easy to reabsorb Poujadism.

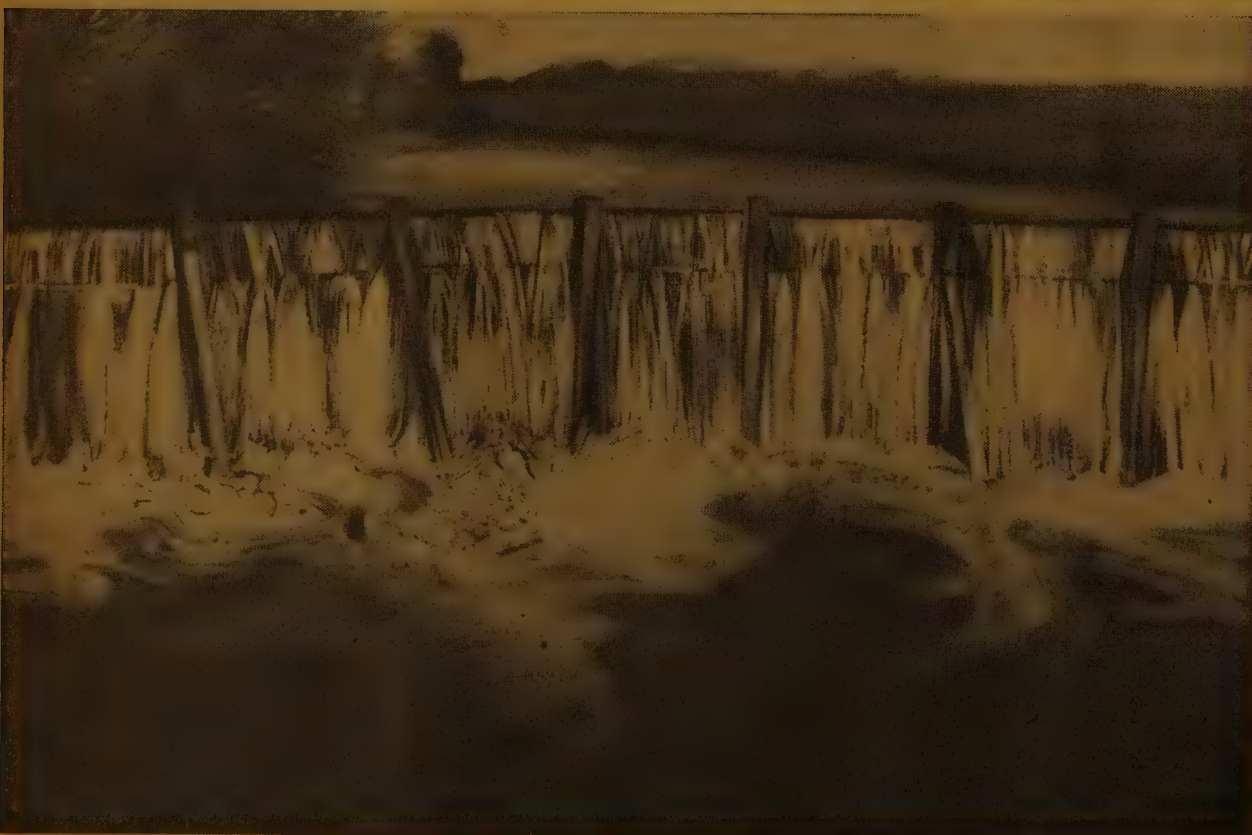
On one point a foreign observer must feel inclined to ask a question. Does not the whole system of French education need looking at? It is constantly receiving political attention in one respect: the question of subsidies for Catholic schools. It is a lamentable thought that the most important line of division in the last Assembly was over the petty question of a subsidy of £4,500,000 to these schools. £4,500,000! But this confessional aspect of the question seems to divert attention from another one. The French themselves constantly refer to the insufficiency of the French civic conscience: so much, indeed, that one is apt to overlook the devoted public service given by so many Frenchmen, both paid and unpaid.

But the French are certainly right about the existence of this problem, and the very nature of Poujadism illustrates it. For the brilliant child French education is perhaps the best in the world. But does it give the right diet to the average child? One of the most peculiar French specialities is a kind of scepticism, which shades off imperceptibly into the most complete credulity. You have only to suggest a belief in the form of disbelief, as something which the government or some other interested person is keeping from you, for critical standards to disappear. I know no other country in which so many intelligent people will believe such silly things. The state school has been shaping the minds of most French people for over seventy years. It has made the Frenchman much better equipped to disbelieve its government than to disbelieve M. Poujade. Would it not be worth while to examine its results in this field?

—Third Programme



## Three Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Still Life at Asolo', from the exhibition of paintings by Vanessa Bell at the Adams Gallery, London

Above: 'Portrait of Queen Charlotte' by Allan Ramsay, one of the ten paintings from the Ernest E. Cook collection presented to the Holburne of Menstrie Museum, Bath, through the National Art-Collections Fund

Left: 'Weir, Barcombe Mills', from the exhibition of paintings by Edward Middleditch at the Beaux-Arts Galleries, London



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Selected Letters of Henry James. Edited by Leon Edel. Hart-Davis. 16s.

ALTHOUGH AN ESTIMATED TOTAL of 7,000 extant letters is not so exceptional as Mr. Edel would have us believe (it represents an average of one every two days over a period of forty years—and we may be sure that almost everything James wrote was preserved religiously), nevertheless the task of reducing these to a representative 120 was not an enviable one. Mr. Edel has acquitted himself with great credit. His method (and it was clearly the only right and proper one) was, first, from an extensive acquaintance with the whole of the material, to determine the principal categories into which the letters might be felt to fall; and having done so, to select such individual examples as seemed best to illustrate them.

This is no mere anthology of familiar material therefore; indeed a good half of the 120 make their printed bow here. It is something more than that, an entirely new light on James as man and writer. Most of the letters already published (the only collection *qua se* was made so long ago as 1920, and has long been unobtainable) have belonged to a class which the writer himself categorised as 'the mere twaddle of graciousness'. Those abysmally arch and over-written *billets saccharins*, beginning perhaps 'Noblest of Neighbours, and Most Heavenly of Women!', and ending, say, 'all-devotedly and impatiently, my dear Clare, yours both', were (as it now appears) addressed for the most part to strangers or mere casual acquaintances; and their patent fulsomeness was merely the way in which James endeavoured to conceal from their recipients just how heartily he despised the novels they insisted on dedicating to him, or how thankful he was to be totally unable to come to dine. Thus to a lady historical-novelist he gushes '*The Tory Lover* . . . has been but three or four days in the house, yet I have given him an earnest, a pensive, a liberal—yes, a benevolent attention'; and the gratified blue-stocking, ears ringing from the stylistic din, might reasonably be expected not to notice the decidedly two-edged quality of the adjectives. Indeed a number of her sisters were so misguided as publicly to print missives which, at first sight accolades, are seen on closer examination to be blows in quite a different place and with quite a different weapon.

The bulk of the present collection is composed of letters of other stamps altogether. A few of them are deliciously but in part unintentionally absurd:

My dear Godson Guy. I learned from your mother, by pressing her hard some time ago, that it would be a convenience to you and a great help in your career to possess an Association football . . .

Far more of them, however, show the writer in quite a new and almost unguessed-at aspect: James the blunt commonsense writer to editors about serial-rights and royalties ('If my Letters have been "too good" [for the *New York Tribune*], I am honestly afraid that they are the poorest I can do, especially for the money!'); James the baffled playwright; James the friend of Turgenev, Maupassant, de Goncourt; the correspondent in good plain casual English of Stevenson, Wells, Conrad, Walpole, Henley, Daudet. Those who are baffled or maddened by the style of the mature novels may well find this James more human, readable, and sympathetic.

A final suggestion: the charming telegram

quoted in Mr. Edel's excellent introduction

Intensely though respectfully deprecate social attendance at station. Elegant choice of cabs is far too good to stand alone. Will not Mr. Edel give us *The Collected Telegrams of Henry James*? Its possession would be the slenderest of ivory towers from which to view the raging of the Philistines and the *douleurs* of the economic situation. But if he does, will he please append a detailed rather than a general indication of sources; its absence from the present collection is all that can be urged against an otherwise exemplary *apparatus criticus*.

## The Restoration of Charles II, 1658-1660

By Godfrey Davies. Oxford. 55s.

The strange and crowded interval which passed between the death of Oliver Cromwell and the return of Charles II has hitherto been one of the least-known stretches of modern English history. Richard Cromwell's Protectorate lasted a bare nine months; for all the acceptance it found among the more moderate and conservative heirs of the Long Parliament's rebellion, its virtues were too negative to withstand the joint assault of all the elements which had frustrated Oliver's search for 'a government by consent'. Grandees of the army who had meddled too long in politics, commonwealthsmen among the captains and subalterns who sensed a betrayal of the revolutionary cause, republican politicians who since their expulsion in 1653 had nursed 'the base itch of the narrow oligarchy', fanatical sectaries in whose eyes Oliver 'took the crown off from the head of Christ and put it on his own', all combined sufficiently to overthrow the only government which might have saved some of the things they had fought for.

In the year which followed, the generals and the politicians of the Rump alike convicted themselves of political bankruptcy, and in their quarrels they committed political suicide. And yet when a royalist rising was attempted in the summer of 1659, the king's friends were so miserably divided and his cause so tepidly supported that he turned to France and Spain, convinced for a time that his restoration must depend on foreign arms. It was only after the second interruption of the Rump in October, only when government was ceasing to fulfil its elementary obligations and the soldiers in their need began to help themselves, that popular feeling throughout the country came to run irresistibly in Charles' favour; and monarchy eventually returned not to meet a formidable enemy but almost to fill a vacuum.

Mr. Godfrey Davies has told this story with a fullness of detail worthy of his masters. He is in the direct succession of S. R. Gardiner and Sir Charles Firth, and it was from Firth himself that he accepted the task of completing their work. His search among the sources has been exhaustive, his mastery of them is complete, and his judgement upon disputable points of fact is almost invariably convincing. His accuracy is so consistent that it comes as a surprise when he states erroneously that Parliament passed an act on February 11, 1660, making Fleetwood commander-in-chief of the army. Fleetwood's reputation was then at its nadir, and this is a misreading of the Commons' Journals. But it is a small flaw in a narrative which is wonderfully complete and in most respects definitive.

While the book will obviously take its essential place in every historical library, its appeal

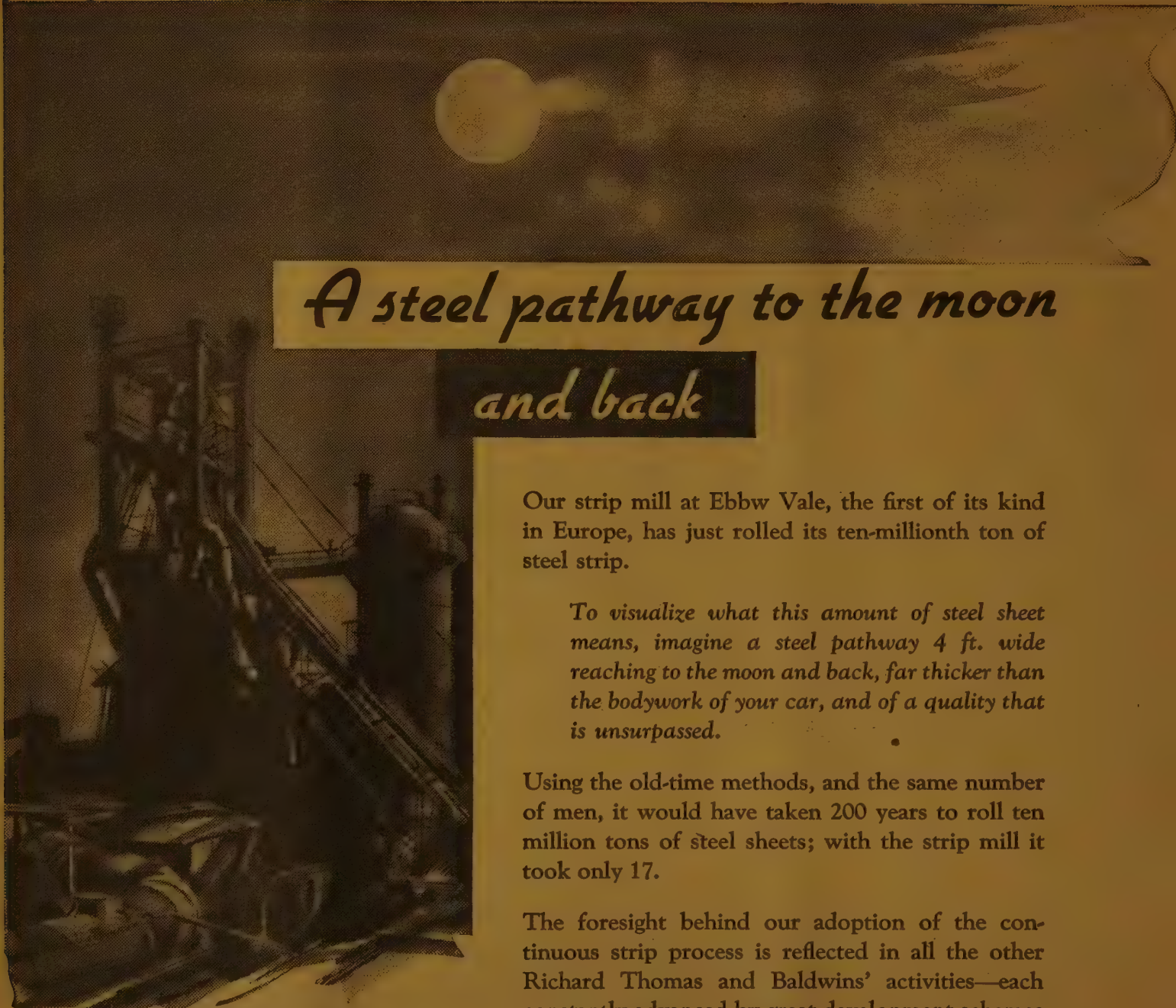
to the general reader is less certain. For one thing, the element of comment and interpretation which such a reader has the right to expect is meagre. Will he, for example, grasp the significance and the emotional appeal of the 'good old cause', that rallying-cry to the army in 1659 which awoke its nostalgia for the high summer of the revolution when it had carried all before it? Will he feel he knows what kind of a man John Lambert was, and what he was aiming at in helping to break first the Protectorate and then the Rump? It is a pity that Mr. Davies eschews speculation so rigidly and seems so reluctant to assess character and discuss motives, for when he does permit himself to comment on a situation he is often shrewd, and occasionally he has really penetrating things to say about his leading figures—about Vane, for instance, whom he likens to 'an inferior Gandhi'.

The story he unfolds may be a depressing record of failure, but its actors, though often foolish, are seldom mean, and its events are intrinsically exciting. That excitement is hardly conveyed. Mr. Davies' tone is not merely dispassionate, it is too uniformly grey. His style has a density of texture which does not make for easy reading, and often the sheer profusion of detail falls heavy for lack of the touch of synthesis and evaluation which should illumine it. But this work is an important achievement which for scholars will need no bush. Nor should the amateur of history be deterred from reading it, for if he brings his imagination to bear on the drama, he will find it not only fascinating in itself but a source of light on the whole period of England's revolution.

## My Friend Henry Miller. By Alfred Perles. Neville Spearman. 16s.

It would not be difficult to shrug this book away for its slovenly writing, its gawky hero-worship and its middle-aged sentiment about bad boys having a good time *on the rive gauche*. 'With every line I write', proclaims Henry Miller, 'I kill off the artist in me', and Mr. Perles, with conscientious discipleship, can thus remain unperturbed at such verbal colloquies as: 'the wee hours of the night', or 'the subtle spiritual ramifications of the prostitute situation'. Miller himself accurately sums up the book in a preface: 'Nothing like a biography, it must be said, has been attempted. . . . Nor even a critical evaluation of the subject's work. All that he has endeavoured to do, my good friend Alf, is to recount the happy life of shame we all long to lead, if only in dream or reverie'. Without succumbing to all that is implied in this insidious *bonhomie* it can be said that Mr. Perles' volume does serve the purpose of reminding the bland English literary world that Henry Miller has written works which, as Sir Herbert Read has affirmed, are 'in the first thin rank of contemporary achievement'; and in spite of the irritation the reader may feel at these naive reminiscences, Henry Miller does emerge from them as a figure who cannot be dismissed as merely an astute manufacturer of pretentious pornography. 'At last an unprintable book that is fit to read', said Pound of the *Tropic of Cancer*, and that was already something when we were being subjected to the missionary intentions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. But so blithe a reanimation of the picaresque tradition is by no means the sum of Miller's achievement; he is a creative genius who, as Perles writes, 'is not obsessed





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with anything, he takes everything in his stride'.

The English reader suffers considerable disadvantages. He has, first, to go to Paris (or, in the case of *Sexus*, to Tokyo) for the purchase of those banned volumes which are essential if the acclaim of genius is to be substantiated. Secondly, such of Miller's books as can be published in England are tributary to the vast unprintable autobiography which is the main stream of that genius. And thirdly, Miller's writing has all the splash and foam, like a whale gambolling, which makes the English critically cagey; we are not immediately impressed by Mr. Perlès' information that Miller 'never drafted a damned thing', and we customarily neglect the verbal torrents of writers such as John Cowper Powys or Blaise Cendrars since they are too vulnerable to our sense of nonsense.

Mr. Perlès' book cannot be said to compensate us for these difficulties. He is unable to quote very much except in a French translation which, whatever its merits, fails to transmit the compelling swell and flow of a prose that, as Miller himself says of a Paris street, seems 'to be going nowhere and touching everywhere'. But he scores some bulls-eyes. 'Miller doesn't write because he can't live but because writing makes him live with increased intensity', and the importance of Miller is that he can communicate this intensity—the pulse of living is quickened for the pallid human simulacra of Mass Democracy by proximity to this astonishing individual who, at whatever cost, has been faithful to the person he is. Too much emphasis can be placed on Miller's Americanism; if his optimism seems at times to place him in the tradition of Whitman, his innocent and uninhibited contemplation of all the human facts achieves the universality of Lear's Fool.

### Early Light. The Collected Poems of Dorothy Wellesley. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Dorothy Wellesley has never been fashionable. She is a traditionalist, a romantic of the sturdy not the feverish school. Her talent reveals itself here (the book under review contains all that she wishes to preserve of her poems to date) as primarily descriptive:

Beautiful the heat in this burnt-out corner;  
Gone away is the green.  
The Spanish chestnuts are frizzled;  
Nicely toasted they enfold  
Their closely-knit mosaic of leaves between  
Pieces of dark lapis lazuli.

At her best, as in that opening of 'The Forest in October', she combines humour and observation with unfailing resources of vocabulary and metre. She loves *things*, organic and inorganic: they run away with her and it is she, not they, whose identity is endangered. 'Horses', 'Cotton Spinning', 'Moths' and 'Birds' are rich hymns of praise to the world of objective reality and its infinite delights. In the first section of this book, which contains her latest work (most of it previously unpublished), she adds the past to the present, and her love and understanding of the deserts and ruins of the Mediterranean and the near East make themselves vividly felt. Here, in the poem 'In the Lebanon', she pays homage to Yeats, who admired her earlier work:

We who once made the things that never pass,  
Music and poetry, song,  
Palmyra and the golden masks of Homs.

Of her metaphysical poems, full of Platonic echoes, 'Matrix' is the most ambitious. Yeats' praise was to be expected here, but the poem must be accounted an impressive failure, a series of vague, valiant statements for which it has, as a whole, too obviously collected itself, like a sage on a platform at the end of an enormous hall:

Thus the womb casts man out to find death  
As best he can.

Though it cast him out, yet forever

This is truth: Man is born never . . .

In contrast, the recently-written title-poem, 'Early Light', manages much better by criticising philosophy for interfering with poetry and by its surprising, Lawrentian nostalgia for antediluvian innocence. Its fifth verse, for example, a passionately felt evocation of the Etruscan sensibility, is completely realised. The poem is also quite free from a certain rather elderly, magisterial attitude which mars some of the other more ambitious pieces, such as 'Fire' ('much dies with the fire, young man'). At her best, Dorothy Wellesley can speak her mind without lecturing: she upholds what she calls in her poem 'Avebury' 'the law of intellectual constancy', and must command the respect of all who care for strong beliefs and the highest standards of poetic craftsmanship. It should be added that her publishers have given her a worthy setting: the book is a typographical pleasure.

### The Theory of Economic Growth

By W. Arthur Lewis.

Allen and Unwin. 30s.

This is a book of over 400 pages, whose title contains both the word 'theory' and the word 'economic'. Those facts, one might imagine, would be sufficient to deter the reader untrained in formal economic analysis. Actually, this is probably one of the most readable books which has appeared under an economic title in this country for some time. The author is clearly aiming at a world-wide audience: the style is clear and pungent (the reasoning at times correspondingly high handed). The scope is enormous: sensible things are said about the fundamental nature of human economic activity, about the spirit of enterprise, about the influence of climate, race, and natural resources, and about the influence of religion and other social institutions such as the family and customs in land tenure; extensive discussion is provided of the practical problem of accumulating national capital, and of the 'problem' of population growth; admirable advice is offered to government. At the end there is a brilliant little essay, standing on its own feet, entitled 'Is Economic Development Desirable?'

The book has caused something of a stir in professional circles, as much as anything on account of the method of approach to the subject as of the conclusions reached. The method runs clear counter to the specialising tendency in modern social science, seeking in the manner of, e.g., Adam Smith or Karl Marx to combine sociology, history, political theory, institutional economics, and formal economic theory in a synthetic attack on the subject in hand. It is certain that the author is more than justified in choosing the method for the particular subject. It is less certain that he has avoided all the obvious dangers involved. The work is diffuse, and definitely longer than necessary; the economic analysis is always loose, at times loose enough to matter very seriously—noticeably in the important discussion of the extent to which development can be financed by inflation and that of the cognate problem of balance-of-payments control. On the historical side, while a very wide knowledge of the relevant literature is displayed throughout the book, there are no footnotes. Instead one is given a summary bibliography at the end of each chapter; consequently considerable research is necessary to discover to what extent specific assertions in the text represent propositions established in the works cited and to what extent opinions of Professor Lewis. There is also some ambiguity about the title and purpose of the book. The purpose indicated (on page eighteen) is an

enquiry into the extent to which changes which occurred in the wealthier countries as they developed may be expected to repeat themselves in the poorer countries if they develop. While it is clearly right to avoid attempted predictions as to whether particular countries or groups of countries will actually develop successfully in the near future, in effect, as the chapters unfold, we find something more in the nature of a manual, telling backward countries what they have to do, and why, from historical evidence, they have to do it: a chapter may begin by discussing the origins of the scientific method in Ancient Greece and end with advice on how to run an agricultural extension programme in modern India. This is fine, but it is more a book of practice than of theory, and the exposition and development would have benefited had the fact been recognised overtly.

These criticisms made, it is safe to offer two definite assertions: (1) that the book will have great influence, (2) that the influence will be good. Professional students of the subject should be influenced towards the use of a good method (provided they are not put off, which they need not be, by the simultaneous demonstration of its difficulties) and the governing intelligentsia of backward countries should be influenced in favour of good policies. The central thesis may be put as follows: economic development means national output rising annually at a faster rate than national population. For this to happen, a nation must be converted from investing about 5 per cent. of its national income annually, as in modern India, to accumulating about 12 or 15 per cent., as in Japan. One method of achieving the conversion is the Stalinist, the only other is to engineer a rapid increase in the size, wealth, and health of that sector of society who not only save a good proportion of incremental income, but also are prepared to use these savings for productive industrial investment. The 'new men', the industrially minded profit-earning class will do that; landlords, rich peasants, avaricious merchants will not. The latter group may sometimes save substantially, in most backward countries they are enormously and grotesquely rich, but they use their wealth for the wrong things. Some corollaries—governments must be efficient, rising agricultural efficiency (for reasons well explained) must go hand in hand with industrialisation; the population problem is largely a problem of timing, i.e., rising output per head is always accompanied by a fall in death rates and later, more often than not, by a fall in birth rates. If the fall in the one comes too fast and that of the other is too-long delayed, development will be halted by neo-Malthusian *malaises*, such as physical weakness of the labour force due to malnutrition, and disguised unemployment.

But the key, the essential key to everything, is the fostering of a dynamic, technically minded entrepreneurial class, imbued with the spirit of using their money to produce goods, and using the profits from selling goods to make ever more goods.

Dr. Jimek I Presume. By Bernhard Grzimek. Thames and Hudson. 16s.  
Leopards in the Night. By Guy Muldoon. Hart-Davis. 16s.

Between the Elephant's Eyes

By Robert Scott. Longmans. 16s.

Dr. Grzimek (or his translator) is the most accomplished writer of the three authors of these books about animals in Africa. He is the director of the zoo in Frankfurt, and his book is the story of his recent trip to west Africa to collect animals for it. He points out the urgency of





## MAN OR MOLLUSC?

By PODALIRIUS

A noisy noise, we know, annoys an oyster. Some argue that the same must therefore be true of man. We should not, however, apply too readily to man results obtained with other animals; and in any case this observation on oysters, though quoted widely, is not well authenticated.

Our ears are reliable recording sets, quite capable of distinguishing accurately between different volumes of sound—provided, that is, they can persuade us to listen without prejudice. They seldom can. When people raised objections to the helicopter noises, which not long ago were added to the din of London traffic, the editors of *Shell Aviation News* (who must naturally have a kind of fondness for the sound of aircraft) set out to discover how widespread and serious these objections were. In answer to their question, "Did the noise of helicopters disturb you?" the reply, they say, was "What helicopters?" But then they don't mention how many people they asked, or how they picked them—omissions which would make a statistician shake his electronic brain.

Some of us, of course, are more annoyed by noises than others; but all of us listen to noises not merely with our ears and judgment but with our memories and feelings. Long after Blériot flew the Channel the sound of an aeroplane would bring us out of doors to watch the gay and gallant bird traverse the sky. But since those days many people—Londoners especially—have had cause to think more sourly of aircraft overhead.

It is idle to complain that we select the kind of noises we are going to be annoyed by and give them special attention. Of course we do—it is one of our first lessons in the art of self-defence. Many a man has been annoyed by a motor-horn to the point of saving his own life. Every moment of the day we are choosing which noises we will be annoyed by, and even which we will trouble to hear. The classic example, which we doctors all learned about as students, is that of the mother who sleeps through the racket of a neighbouring goods yard and wakes at her baby's first whimper.

No: the oyster, though it may command our respect, can never be our model. We are men, not molluscs, and as such will always find the annoyance more annoying than the noise.

*The best antidote for noise is, of course, less noise—or, better still, utter silence. But there are some noises we just have to put up with, and the best antidote for these is a nervous system strengthened by adequate rest and sound (meaning complete) nutrition. It is this question of nutrition that concerns many doctors when they advise their patients to take Bemax (plain or chocolate-flavoured) daily, as an addition to their regular diet. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ and one of the richest vitamin-protein-mineral supplements.*

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Mr. Muldoon is an Agricultural Officer in Northern Nyasaland, who, in the course of his duties, has had to protect the lives and the livelihood of the natives in his area against the depredations of leopards, lions, elephants, buffalos, gorillas, and crocodiles which ravage crops, carry off cattle, and sometimes kill human beings. His book is a narrative of many exciting encounters with the wild beasts that he has had to destroy in protecting life and property.

Colonel Scott's book, written in a very immature schoolboyish style, tells how the author's ambition, kindled at a Boy Scout jamboree in Georgia, U.S.A., in 1924, to become a white hunter in Africa was achieved—if only in an honorary capacity. Three-quarters of the book is filled with reminiscences of a hunting trip in Tanganyika and Kenya with several American friends—blowing up game and collecting 'trophies'. The final part describes a long foot-safari of five hundred miles trailing a magnificent bull elephant with huge tusks. Twice the hunter gets to close quarters with his quarry; the first time he is baulked of his prey by a drop of water on the telescopic sight of his rifle, the second time the elephant stamps Scott's camp into the mud during a miserable night of thunderstorm. But the hunt goes on, and after more than a month the author comes up with the bull, 'Samburu', on the foothills of Kilimanjaro, nearly exhausted by his long chase. Deep in the dense bush Scott at last finds himself within fifty feet of the giant, and raises his rifle for the fatal shot—and then realises that he cannot do it. 'I respected him, I believe I loved him like a horse or dog . . .'. The last fifty pages of the book, devoted to this episode, are very different from those that go before, with their eagerness to kill, and their photographs of dead animals with their slayers sitting on them.

### Old St. Paul's Cathedral. By G. H. Cook. Phoenix House. 42s.

Here is a book which was well worth writing, for, apart from Lethaby's and R. H. C. Finch's articles in the 'thirties, nothing of importance has been published on Old St. Paul's for nearly fifty years. There are, of course, the stories that are widely familiar: of the desecration of the nave, for instance, which was an exchange-mart and worse under Elizabeth I and an immense stable under Cromwell. But what did the old cathedral really look like? That is the question to which intending readers may hope that Mr. Cook can provide an authoritative answer.

On the whole they will not be disappointed. There are discrepancies: the internal height of the nave, for instance (82 feet on page 31, 85 feet on page 106), the height of the tower (245 feet on pages 32 and 106, 285 feet on page 23). The sources of information are seldom cited, nor, still more regrettably, is the provenance of the illustrations, yet obviously the contemporary drawings of Hollar have far more value than, say, the late nineteenth-century reconstructions of H. W. Brewer. The illustrations show many incompatibilities: the central tower looks entirely different in plates 18 and 19; the nave is sometimes shown with flying buttresses and sometimes without; and so on. Even though, in certain directions, evidence is scanty or lacking,

some of these queries might have been resolved.

Nevertheless, in its main components a sufficiently vivid picture emerges. The Norman church, which was building all through the twelfth century, looked, within, something like a plainer version of the nave of Peterborough, except that early in the thirteenth century it was vaulted. Far richer was the early Decorated eastern arm, known as the New Work. This was a grander version of the Angel Choir at Lincoln, and culminated at its eastern end in seven tall windows crowned by the most splendid rose window in England, forty feet across. With the completion of the New Work, Old St. Paul's became the longest church in the world, and the height of its wooden, lead-covered spire was exceeded, in England, only by Lincoln's. The two little western towers, long used as prisons, were alone unworthy.

Mr. Cook's interesting description embraces the numerous chapels (mostly chantries), altars, screens, and tombs of the old cathedral's interior (from which the shrouded effigy of John Donne is the sole survivor), together with the cloisters and chapter house, now generally recognised as being, with St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, the pioneer building in the evolution of our Perpendicular. Nor does he omit the walled precincts, with the Bishop's Palace and Paul's Cross, the famous open-air pulpit. The book is not cheap, but it is charmingly produced.

### Illustrated History of English Literature: Volume III. By A. C. Ward. Longmans. 25s.

Mr. Ward has left the best till the last; this third volume of his history, ranging from Blake to the death of Shaw in about 300 pages and including no writer still living at the end of 1950, is planned with more certainty and written with more confident buoyancy than either of its predecessors. As before he addresses himself not to specialists but 'to those who read for enjoyment'—an audience hard to define more closely. Who are those people who, presumably, want a vigorous incentive to discovery or a small map of the lie of the land into which they can fit their own casual reading? Schoolboy, artisan, housewife, scientist, business man? Some of all, no doubt. But the dichotomy suggested between 'specialists' and those who read and write with enjoyment is false: 'specialists' also can write, and be read, with pleasure.

In covering so broad a province Mr. Ward is helped by his sense of perspective and a crisp, economical, pithy style, lively without display. His story is admirably linked and the 'background' information on such large issues as Romanticism, the Picturesque, Religion, Unorthodoxy, is made part of the whole. This is no small cause of his smooth-running narrative. It is possible, perhaps, to pick out some of his favourites. These words on Wordsworth are excellently said:

The wisely passive mind and the watchful receiving heart were the channels of his inspiration, necessarily unselective channels which let through quantities of silt that a self-consciously busy mind would have dredged away.

Moving at random, it is pleasing to find generous praise of Crabb Robinson and of Meredith's *Egoist* as a novel exceptionally rewarding at each re-reading. But de Quincey is 'the most dislikeable writer of this period . . . a scandal-mongering posturing egoist, a priggish hypocrite and a repulsive snob'. And Livingstone Lowes' book on Coleridge, *The Road to Xanadu*, may be called a masterpiece in its kind, so long as 'the kind is recognised as basically absurd'.

The independent quality of Mr. Ward's work cannot be judged by remarks-picked-out here and there. He is just both to poets and novelists, to women and men. Women, indeed, have a con-

siderable place in this chronicle and it might be urged that as blue-stockings, moralists, poets, and even novelists he has treated them a shade too kindly. Occasionally Mr. Ward's values are at fault. Darley is decidedly not 'at his best' in his feeble first book *The Errors of Ecstasie* (it is surprising that the praise of Keats' 'Endymion' should have forgotten 'Nepenthe' and the scattered lyrics) and William Bell Scott, a dreich disappointment as poet, can hardly be linked with Beddoes on the evidence of his one success.

Once again the illustrations, collected and annotated by Elizabeth Williams, add much to the value of the work by their signal excellence. The hackneyed is always avoided and even 'specialists' will be grateful for the delightful Blake illustration to *Original Stories*, and the sketches of Wilde attending the Parnell Commission and Shaw (Bernard Partridge) and Synge (J. B. Yeats) at rehearsal.

### A History of French Literature

By L. Cazamian. Oxford. 30s.

It would have been pleasant to give unqualified praise to Professor Cazamian's detailed and conscientious history of French literature. Ideally, with a lifetime's devotion to English letters behind him, he should have been a stimulating interpreter of the French mind to the English reader, but the book as a whole, like so many literary histories, carries the stamp of required reading for examinees: the safe, accepted judgements which soothe the examiners, the abdication from any sharp opinion which might conjure up the discomforting spectre of a cantankerous individual ridden by a passion. Professor Cazamian will not send his readers to library and bookshop as did Lytton Strachey with his *Landmarks*, or as Mr. Brereton does with his recent Penguin.

Perhaps the author attempts too much—not in trying to cover too much ground, for his paragraphs on minor figures, such as Malebranche, are often models of perceptive concision, but in trying to give shape to the story. To study the literature of France as a means of reaching 'the accessible elements of her national originality' demands an approach which is difficult to confine within the narrow limits of a chronological history. To give unity to such a study by a perception of the dialectical interplay of reason and imagination is admirable, but it would exact a closer examination of the key figures and the tensions which dominated them. In fact the book seems to lose its direction because the author has not been able to fuse the sort of book he wanted to write with the book his publishers apparently wanted him to write. 'Our generalisations do not lend themselves to deductive use', he rather pathetically exclaims in his first chapter, 'they . . . should be kept in the background; a potential aid to interpretation'.

The result is that on nearly every page there are the usual sentences in the usual idiom of literary histories. 'What is it that gives so much charm to these trifles and makes almost everything that Du Bellay wrote attractive? We must fall back on the spontaneity of a truly poetical genius . . .'. Of Malherbe: 'He has little gift of inspiration and nearly always has some train of thought to follow'. Of Nerval: 'The charmingly written *Sylvie* is a gem of tender, rustic realism and the wistful poetry of the might-have-been'. Of Baudelaire: 'The book has genuine accents of tenderness and some moving utterances of a chastened heart'. Of Verlaine: 'He had admirable gifts, and wrote some pieces of unequalled exquisiteness'.

If only this mild professor could dare to voice a personal antipathy his book would seem less an exercise in critical sleepwalking.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Endless Faces

ACCORDING TO REPORT, direct television transmissions may be coming to us from America by 1958. It is about twenty years since I read *The Mongol in Our Midst* but the impression that book left is still strong enough to sustain a doubt about the power of television to accelerate

sidewalks, were self-assured, mentally keen, and well versed in world affairs: they could even sympathise intelligently with us in our Cyprus problem. Uneasy doubts flickered through one's mind when it was over. Thousands of British viewers may well have had their sentiment towards America heightened several degrees in those few gripping minutes. It is not an unreasonable hypothesis and, unfortunately, not all its implications are so enheartening. The process is reversible. In that preview of the television

High on the list of studio attractions was the film of pygmies in French Equatorial Africa, a fascinating study of a people who are not the midgets that some viewers may have expected to see. The camera had really gone in among them, not only to record their songs and dances but their day-to-day living patterns, of which the search for food accounts for their largest expenditure of energy. While it might be rash to deduce from their taste for Congo caterpillars affinities with the wheel-eaters of Southend, their relish was awkwardly familiar.

'Speech', from the Central School of Speech and Drama, London, bravely defied a majority preference for the short and snappy by giving us a leisurely hour-long programme about that institution's specialised training of speech therapists and teachers, also actors and actresses. One would have liked this to succeed, as showing a documentary producer's ability to hold our attention so long. Arthur Swinson did not achieve the organic wholeness that was required. His succession of episodic posturings was like a jelly that will not set.

I close on the note of critical indignation. Who was responsible for mutilating the beautiful singing of 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of the fishermen's service from All Saints, Brixham, last Sunday evening? 'The B.B.C. television service is now closing down until seventy-three'. It was an act of great discourtesy to the congregation and to viewers.

REGINALD POUND



As seen by the viewer: 'Speech', a programme commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Central School of Speech and Drama, on February 2—left, Sir Laurence Olivier, an old pupil, in a scene from his film of 'Hamlet'; right, a young student rehearsing

John Cura

the federation of the world. It is extraordinarily potent as an instrument of detraction. Take faces, for example. There ought to be a programme about them. The face is all that we viewers see of most people who come on our screens, an emphasis which may not send many of us back to Lavater or Lombroso but which evokes prejudices that are ominous for the brotherhood of man. As face readers, most of us are poorly qualified and beset by dubious lore. Yet night after night thousands of us pass summary judgements on other people's countenances which mirror no less of mystery than our own. We should be more tolerant of close-set eyes and receding chins, after the manner of the little girl who told her nurse, in my hearing, that she had 'the ugliest face in the world', adding contritely: 'But it suits you'.

Some of the most interesting of last week's televised faces were seen in the newsreels of the royal tour in Nigeria, a useful addition, one would suppose, to anthropological records. Those with masks may have been still more interesting to the specialists, whose field work is presumably being both simplified and stimulated by the new medium. What we viewers are now impatient for is a full-length television film of the tour, though no event since the Coronation could make us lament more the lack of colour television. The impact of the primitive has been remarkably vivid and a salutary reminder of its still actively persisting survivals in our own society.

Then there were the New York faces. They filled our screens with at least fifty-seven varieties of kibitzer response as Woodrow Wyatt thrust the microphone in front of one or other of them and popped the question in his cut-glass voice: 'What do you think is England's place in the world today?' The answers were rarely less than fair and sometimes they were generous. Those unrehearsed New Yorkers, met on their

possibilities of 1958 onward, we had been given a warning. A word of commendation, anyhow, for Michael Peacock, who produces 'Panorama', for an excellent show of B.B.C. television enterprise. He had commissioned Woodrow Wyatt to fly out to New York and back in thirty-six hours. It still does not sound like a commonplace feat of communications, for all that Wyatt arrived back in the studio looking Bunterishly content. He amply justified his producer's faith in him as a man of endurance as well as of resource.

That kind of exploit is the true stuff of television, and we viewers are unlikely to be seduced by the argument that one day the genie may get out of the tube and make havoc in the world. The programmes from the Winter Olympic Games at Cortina have demonstrated technical concord over 900 miles of linking transmissions, finishing on Sunday morning with an hour of really superb pictures of the ski-jumping championships. Between jumps, one camera amused itself by playing over the faces of the crowd, a considerable section of which seemed more interested in being televised to England than in watching the champions. Other programmes in the week's series from Cortina made less satisfactory viewing but a sense of achievement was always present, underlining the contribution which the B.B.C. engineers are making to the wider developments to come. We saw the same adventuring spirit shown in 'Saturday-Night Out', in which a programme came to us direct from the trawler *Lowestoft Lady* in the North Sea. It was more than an unexpected glimpse of men at work. We were being initiated into a new world of experience, enlarging our sympathies. Technically, again, there was great ingenuity: we were switched from ship to shore and back again as easily as winking and in little more time than winking takes. It was an invigorating broadcast.

### DRAMA

#### Jam Mañana?

WHAT WITH ALL THIS TALK of jamming and freezing and bursting, the week has been an unsettled one. I should love to be able to write that 'Mañana' completely took my mind off the cistern, for I have a great respect for the talents, singly and still more so combined, of Arthur Benjamin, George Foa, and Miss Caryl Brahms, whose libretto from her own story this television opera enshrined. But the truth is that while I was interested, I was not gripped: and all the time my ears strained for what the psalmist called 'the noise of the water pipes'. The expected explosion did not occur, at least in the score of the opera!

It was, we were told, the first opera specially commissioned for television. (What about 'Amahl and the Night Visitors'?) The libretto came to the composer made up like a film-shooting script: and the composer most loyally eschewed those operatic effects which 'work' so well in the theatre but congeal on television screens. A great deal of talent and forethought had come into the whole business; there were interesting, pioneering notions, with mimed sequences and filmed inserts, all of which will bear fruit if not at once, why then, as we are learning to say in this week of plumbers, *mañana*. But the total result in terms of enjoyment was not quite overwhelming. For one thing, a great deal of the opera seemed just like a Spanish chestnut, or any basic English opera: which is to say, Miss Edith Coates waving a crutch and half singing, half saying 'Now, get along with you, you lazy-bones!' I do not suggest that Miss Coates actually said those words, but one felt that she might do so at any moment.

Where the music was Spanish flavoured and fast, which was not often, one was pleased. But



much of the music was slow, vaguely lyrical and atmospheric, making one think enviously of the bright sunshine of that other Spanish opera 'Carmen', or, for that matter, of the clacking, gay and sensuous zarzuelas. Perhaps with more excitement in libretto, such as Cedric Cliffe's 'Tale of Two Cities' provided, Mr. Benjamin would have let fly. Or was it the medium, that sacrosanct show, whose supposed claims inhibited him? Or something about Miss Brahms' playful rhymes?

While much of 'Mañana', including, I hasten to add, Miss Coates, looked very well, it was sad to see the 'Iris'-like sunrise chorus spoiled by the little boy's shadow cast over the distant hillside, showing it as a cardboard cut. But Heather Harper, as in 'La Traviata', and a new-comer, Carlos Montes, made a pleasing impression as the young lovers. They managed to remain pleasant, too, while singing a love duet to each other through the bars of a prison window. Frederick Sharp as the

wise man with a towel over his head, who was the source of all the trouble, prophesying the end of the world tomorrow, was not remotely plausible. But that was not quite his fault.

I want to sound encouraging about television opera, and in this case I think a second performance could dispense with much of the earlier parts, perhaps cutting to a matter of three or four key scenes, linked by narration—just as if it were an opera *not* specially written for television. But the collaborators must not be despondent if this time they scored something less than a triumph. How many operas, television or otherwise, score a bullseye on the night? It's like Alice's jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never am today. *Mañana* perhaps, we must say.

It has been a good week for costume drama. Evan John's 'Prelude to Massacre', produced by Pharic MacLaren, was an unusually sharp glimpse of a fateful exchange of tempers. Wide-screen addicts were probably dismayed, after all the table talk, not to see the massacre and to hear it in all the glory of stereophonic sound, but the shot of the Glencoe hillside and the desolate keening was in the event much more imaginative. David Stuart, Douglas Storm, and Paul Curran were excep-



Scene from the first performance of 'Mañana', an opera specially written for television, on February 1. Front row, extreme left, Carlos Montes as Pedro; centre front, Edith Coates as the widow, and Heather Harper as Luisita

tionally convincing as historical portraits go.

'The White Falcon' on Sunday was a much larger canvas—appropriately with suggestions of Holbein. The producer, Rudolph Cartier, and the designer, Stephen Taylor, gave us lively, wide-ranging pictures full of character. The revels, to Edward German's music, were the least convincing part of this episode in the life of Henry VIII and the brief rise and fall of Anne Boleyn—wrong sort of cartwheels amid the royals! Elsewhere Paul Rogers' blustering Harry and Jeannette Sterke as Anne (with such excellent players as Rupert Davies in support as Cromwell) carried us along splendidly and without fustian until the moment of royal recriminations which were somehow out of period emotionally: an Edwardian marriage on the rocks à la Galsworthy. Still, I would call it a highly enjoyable specimen of modern historical drama and very well done.

The *ballon*, both in the physical bounce and the spiritual resilience of the ballet troupe from the Royal Opera of Copenhagen, lifted the heart. The Napoli variations at the end were a tonic, and whoever had the bright idea of using two accompanying pianos, instead of an orchestra which gets out of time with the dancers, deserves

congratulation—presumably Philip Bate. But then, must he too be blamed for the shadows from the bunting which spoiled the effect quite badly? Danish dash is very taking.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Hard Work

ONE PROBLEM OF Old Testament drama is inevitable. Nearly always we would prefer a reading of the appropriate chapters to the pains-taking play extracted from them. Louis MacNeice is not a routine dramatist; but I cannot say, on oath, that he has done more for the character of Saul in 'Also Among the Prophets' (Third) than the First Book of Samuel has done already.

Here is a radio life of the tragic king who was not content to reign as God's vicegerent, traced from the first anointing of the son of

Kish—with what he would regard as the devil's oil—to his death in battle against the Philistines 'in mount Gilboa'. Howard Marion-Crawford, speaking the part with a royal ring, did keep Saul at rather more than life-size, and he got us to accept the doomed man who rejected the Lord's word. (Mr. MacNeice explains Saul's character in a phrase, 'I could never bear to share things'.) On Sunday the scene between Saul and Jonathan in the early morning of the last battle, and the summoning in the cavern of the Witch of Endor, were the most impressive in a restrained text that seldom stung the imagination. The Endor scene depended more, I felt, on the atmospherics of this kind of witchery (Mr. MacNeice was his own and excellent producer) than upon any uncommon invention.

Earlier in the play we had had a grim hint at that moment when Agag came to Samuel 'delicately', and Samuel duly hewed him in pieces 'before the Lord in Gilgal'. The great spectre of Samuel, voice of the Lord, broods over the piece: we remember how 'the thing displeased Samuel, when they said, "Give us a king to judge us"'. In performance he hardly created the proper awe, either in the first scene or at the moment when, as 'an old man, a tall



'The White Falcon' on February 5, with (left to right) Paul Rogers as Henry VIII, Jeannette Sterke as Anne Boleyn, and Marius Goring as Archbishop Cranmer



Members of the Royal Danish Ballet Group in 'Music at Ten—a divertissement' on February 5. Left to right: Kirsten Petersen, Kirsten Simone, Inge Sand, and Mette Møllerup



old man with a vein standing out on his forehead', he rose in the cavern of Endor with (in effect) his 'Saul, how dare you do this, for this is your greatest sin, to drag me up from the grave and make me break my rest'. The Book of Samuel must win here, I feel, just as, earlier, we missed the full impact of I Samuel, xxiv 21 in the entreaty of Saul to David.

Apart from Mr. Marion-Crawford who governed the play (like another poet's Saul, 'erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out wide'), we had a good and credible David by Peter Wyngarde, and a steady Jonathan (Allan McClelland). John Sharp's Samuel was strongest in the scene when he sought David from the rest of the sons of Jesse. A thoroughly straightforward piece, then; in memory less a matter of inspiration than of hard work.

Inspector Grant has hard work enough in 'The Singing Sands' (Home), but, as we know, he likes it. Things appear to happen to Grant when he is on holiday. Here he is supposed to be having a rest somewhere in the north of Scotland; instead he begins to hunt for the truth about a murder—a search that leads him to the Empty Quarter of Arabia. Josephine Tey (whose novel has been adapted by Bertram Parnaby) kept us with her until the last minutes which seemed to me to let down the story with as fierce a thud as the vain antiquarian's crash from the air. Still, there is beguiling company on the way. Ewan Roberts' Grant moves on relentlessly, and Esmé Percy produced on Saturday a voice like a tortured seraph enjoying the torture. Nine-tenths of the evening passed most happily; but I felt badly done at the last. I wonder, too, if 'he fell for it, hook, line, and sinker' could be put upon a list of prohibited phrases. One shivers a little as the hook drops and it is plain that line and sinker must follow.

We cannot growl about any textual thinness in 'Titus Groan' (Third). This is Mervyn Peake being monstrously Gothick. It is a welter of invective, the scummiest kind of cauldron. I could not now pass any examination in the story of Gormenghast and its complex domestic arrangements, but I do remember Ronald Simpson, his voice like the grinding of a rusty lock, as he observed 'Am I to be ignored by a stick insect? Curse you, Flay!' I recall the whinnying Dr. Prunesquallor of Robert Eddison ('Birth! Birth! What an invention it is!'), two Purple Twins who talk in antiphon, and a load of mad ritual and stormy language ('What a ton of slime he is!', 'Put your foul eye to it!', and so on), all in the care of personages named Sourdust, Fuchsia, Swelter, and Steerpike. And Valentine Dyall, as the Voice of Gormenghast (Titus was 77th Earl) tolled from some belfry that brimmed with bats. Probably I should have fallen for this, hook, line, and (if you are with me) sinker. But, grumpily, I did not: it sounded like work both hard and unrewarding.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Thrashing It Out

BUT 'THRASHING' is hardly the word to describe the exemplary politeness with which the two discussions I listened to last week were conducted, the first on 'The Morality of Nuclear Warfare', the second, entitled 'Key Words', an attempt by two Christians and two Humanists 'to clarify the meaning of what they respectively reject or affirm'. The first was a medieval disputation, of which we have heard several during recent years. This is an exercise, once performed in medieval universities and still used in some Roman Catholic establishments, in which a Defendant maintains and an Objector opposes a given thesis in accordance with a formal process conducted by a Moderator. The argument is

not an expression of personal views. The business of each speaker is simply to present as clearly as possible the side of the question assigned to him. The disputation was given in the Caxton Hall at the invitation of the National Peace Council.

This method of treating a complicated subject has the advantage, all the greater when heard in the form of a broadcast, of presenting the pros and cons of its theme in an orderly manner and at a leisurely pace which enables the listener to follow the thread of the argument without straining all his energies in doing so, and consequently to assimilate the sense of it at his ease. This disputation, which was performed by three Dominican fathers, seemed to me the best I have yet heard. A number of important aspects of the question were analysed and clarified and the moral issues set clearly before us. A broadcast argument lasting an hour can be an irritating and exhausting ordeal for the listener, but I was so absorbed by this one that my attention never flagged and never once did I glance despairingly at the clock.

In 'Key Words' the Christians were Nathaniel Micklem, D.D., well known to many listeners as a lively debater, and John Wren-Lewis a research scientist; the Humanists H. J. Blackham, editor of *The Plain View*, and A. G. N. Flew, Professor of Philosophy at University College, North Staffordshire. Actually the argument was not concerned with Christianity or Humanism: the Christians spoke as defenders of theism, the Humanists of atheism or, perhaps, agnosticism. As the argument got under way the two points of view stood out clearly. Dr. Micklem stated that all men are aware of God, to which Mr. Flew replied that he had never had a 'religious experience'—a sense of contact with God. He didn't deny that some people had this feeling; what he denied was that it proved the existence of God. Both the Humanists were repelled by the theist's obedience and submission to what they called 'the management': it was evident that for them what the other side called reverence, gratitude, or prayer was not a free and joyful impulse, but mere servitude. Mr. Blackham declared that nothing was sacred but his own mind, to which I inaudibly replied 'What about mine or Leonardo da Vinci's?' Mr. Flew admitted that the idea of reverence struck a chord. To spoil flowers, he said, even if nobody sees you doing it, is a desecration, but why should this prove the existence of a higher power? So the argument swung to and fro, and when it stopped the issue had been much clarified. The impression left on me was that humanism, as presented by these two Humanists, was rather a bleak and negative persuasion.

Hugh J. Schonfield, who has recently made a new translation of the New Testament, told in a talk called 'Jewish Benedictions and Doxologies' of the numerous quotations from Jewish Prayers current in the first century, some of them of pre-Christian origin, which he discovered in the Gospels, the epistles of St. Paul, and other books. As a Jew he was familiar with these prayers and he quoted phrases from them and from passages where they reappear in the New Testament. In the Lord's Prayer, which Jesus enjoined on His disciples, the parallels are specially striking; indeed the Lord's Prayer, he said, is largely an epitome, such as Jewish Rabbis used to compile, of prayers which would have a familiar appeal to the disciples. Here, for example, are three of the phrases from Jewish prayers quoted by Mr. Schonfield: 'Magnified and hallowed by his great name'; 'Forgive us, O our Father, for we have sinned'; 'Lead us not into temptation'. Phrases from these old prayers would constantly leap to the mind and pen of St. Paul, and Mr. Schonfield quoted striking instances from his epistles to the Corin-

thians, Romans, and Galatians. It was an extremely interesting talk not only on account of these quotations but also in the opening section which discussed the prayers, praises, and meditations used in the synagogue and in daily life.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### A Grand Fantasia

THE HIGHLIGHT of the past week's music was the performance in the Home Service Symphony Concert of Berlioz' 'Symphonie Fantastique' by the B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. The symphony is a favourite war-horse of virtuoso conductors, who sometimes overlook the dramatic content of the work in their pre-occupation with its wonderful effect of orchestration. Sargent did not fail to get a technically brilliant performance from his orchestra. All the strokes of Berlioz' genius told. But they were made to serve and heighten the poetic idea or programme, and so ceased to be merely clever orchestral effects.

The first movement, whose introductory *Larghetto* can so easily drag if there is not sufficient rhythmic tension and whose main *Allegro* has been known to chug along on the two-quaver accompaniment figure like a railway-carriage on badly-matched bogies, was beautifully handled. The dreams and passions dissolved into one another. And, if nothing much was made of the dreamer's sudden, brief access of religiosity—for that is what it is rather than deeply held faith—had anyone else made it sound like a sincere and noble resolution of the preceding conflict?

My only criticism of the performance would be that in 'Le Bal', the conductor over-emphasised the strong accents, snatching at them, and so making the *valse* brisk and gusty. It may be a tenable interpretation to regard it as a hectic nightmare dance. But I think the music sounds better as music, and produces an effect of pathos, which surely Berlioz intended if it is taken with a languorous grace. There is plenty of hectic music elsewhere in the symphony, and a swooning tenderness seems the right note here. The pastoral *Adagio* was beautifully done, a dream landscape with a dream-like, not too realistic storm. The *macabre* March and the Witches' Sabbath came off splendidly, and it is a good performance, indeed when the finale is made to sound really musical. It was an unhappy notion to fill the gap before the News with a bad recorded performance of the Hungarian March from 'The Damnation of Faust'. If gaps must be filled, let it be with something that contrasts with what has gone before. Here something *quiet* was required.

The second part of the programme contained a capital performance by Jakob Gimpel of Scriabin's Pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor. I don't remember having heard the work since the composer, who was an exceptionally fine pianist, played it at one of Sir Henry Wood's concerts. Like much of his early music it is Chopinesque in style, and is obviously the work of a pianist-composer. Yet Scriabin had a poetic individuality of his own, not strong enough to amount to genius, but always capable of turning out agreeable music with a flavour of its own, even though the first effect is of something between Chopin and Rachmaninov. It is good that his early pianoforte music, some of which has lately been heard in the Third Programme, should not be forgotten, because in his last years he let his taste for the mystical get out of hand.

Finally we had Respighi's 'The Fountains of Rome', sometimes dismissed as a set of picture-postcards. But the colouring is better than that achieved by commercial printers, and even though their musical substance is insignificant,



ese pieces made an effective climax to a well-constructed programme.

On the principle that half an opera is better than no 'Boccanegra', the Home Service relayed the Prologue and first act of Verdi's opera from Sadler's Wells was welcome. Even that, however, was too much for the Midland region to take, and I had to listen to it, through a barrage of interference, from a distant transmitter. However, reception was sufficiently

good for one to judge that this was an excellent performance. John Hargreaves sang splendidly as Boccanegra, easily dominating the finale in the council chamber, and Victoria Elliott sang Amelia's lovely music with steady tone and musical phrasing. It is good to know that this magnificent opera has overcome the obvious disadvantages of its gloomy character and the obscurity of its plot, and has settled firmly into the repertory. I hope we may some

time be allowed to hear the whole of it again.

The repeat performance of 'Die Frau ohne Schatten' was welcome in that it allowed one to become better acquainted with some of Strauss' loveliest and noblest music, and nobility is not a quality he often achieved. But it did not modify my opinion that as an opera it labours under the serious disadvantage of a story which, when stripped of its complex imagery, is completely unconvincing.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Mozart's Serenades

By A. HYATT KING

The Wind Serenades, K.375 and K.388, will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, February 14 (Third)

FROM about 1750 onwards, the term 'serenade' was often used almost interchangeably with 'cassation' and 'divertimento' to denote an informal type of music, with a range of scoring as agreeably varied as the occasions for which it was intended. Weddings, hunting-parties, banquets and the like were all accompanied by music-making both indoors and out, with such frequency that every composer of repute was sure to be called on, from time to time, to supply fresh pieces, either for friends in his own middle class or for his noble employer. Several instances of the fantastic occasions in princely courts which called for a serenade are to be found in the amusing autobiography of Dittersdorf, himself a composer of the brisk, cheerful, impersonal and partitas that were much in demand. Haydn's left over sixty pieces of this kind, scored for wind alone or for a mixture of wind and strings, while Mozart composed thirty-six, dating from the thirteenth to his twenty-sixth year.

This group shows clearly how fluid the terminology became. Some of his early cassations are scored for wind alone, and the early serenades for a large orchestra of wind and strings, differing little from symphonic requirements. Some of the divertimenti require strings and horns, while others are for wind alone, differing only in degree from the three great serenades of 1781 and 1782. The form on which these nominally different types were based was badly that of the suite, with sometimes as many as seven movements, in a loosely connected key sequence. Often one at least of the movements was a march; another might be a full-scale concerto piece for violin solo, as in the famous 'Haffner' serenade or the less known but almost equally fine ones also in D major, K.203 and K.320. The melodic style, too, was very varied. Graceful minuets rub shoulders with square-cut, cheerfully bumbling melodies of popular origin: flowing themes of a distinctively Mozartian type jostle with explosive, homely ones suited to the rude jocularities of a Salzburg wedding.

But within this medley of styles and rhythms, there occurs, more and more often as Mozart's divertimenti and serenades appear through the nineteenth-seventies, a note of intensely personal feeling that lifts his occasional music above that of even the greatest of his contemporaries. To him, even more than it does to us, it may have seemed incongruous for the gay, courtly grace of the Divertimento in D major, K.334, to be interrupted by a set of slow variations, in the C minor, and in a mood of unrelieved gloom. The long series of divertimenti and serenades have an outstanding instance of Mozart's power immediately to transform a well-established, popular form into something profound and intimate. Besides deepening the emotion, and lifting it within a large-scale, coherent design,

he enriched the tone colour by developing a new style of scoring for wind instruments. He blends rhythmical flexibility with subtly varied contrast in pairing the instruments and invests the horns, especially in the slow movements, with new melodic importance. He gives scope to his beloved clarinets in running thirds. With the utmost ingenuity, he keeps one of the groups silent, sometimes for bars on end, so as to give more point to its re-entry. This achievement shows at its best in the three masterly wind serenades, in B flat major, K.361, E flat major, K.375, and C minor, K.388.

They have one feature in common—the continuous absence of flutes, whose light timbre Mozart may have felt would unduly lighten the texture. K.361 was begun at Munich early in 1780, during the production of 'Idomeneo', and seems to have been written for performance by members of the Court Orchestra, and, perhaps, with a view to impressing the Elector, Carl Theodor. It was completed later during the same year in Vienna, and is scored for two each of oboes, clarinets, basset horns (here used by Mozart for the first time) and bassoons, four horns and double-bass or double-bassoons. This imposing array of sonority was hardly imagined before Mozart's time and has been rarely approached since, save in a few works such as the wind serenades of Dvořák and Richard Strauss. Mozart conceived this work on a grand scale, with an unflagging inspiration that lifts the music far above its original purpose. Yet the full weight of the ensemble is used sparingly. Despite the considerable length, the Serenade is homogeneous, because five of the seven movements are in B flat major, a key which had romantic associations for Mozart.

The Serenade in E flat major, written in Vienna in October 1781, is reflective rather than romantic in mood. It is the embodiment of what, in Norman Douglas' *Old Calabria*, the philosopher of Messina called 'an unburdening of the soul on a summer night', and it also has a distinctive personal association with the composer. He wrote it, 'rather carefully' (as he told his father), to honour the wife of a certain court painter. On another occasion, it was also performed late at night on his own name-day, in the courtyard under his window. The piece was scored originally for two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, to which oboes were added a year later. Rather unusually, all five movements have the same key signature. Though it lacks the powerful sonority given by the four horns in the B flat major Serenade, this one has distinctive richness, particularly in the figuration. All the instruments are given opportunities, notably in the slow movement, to show off their skill as soloists.

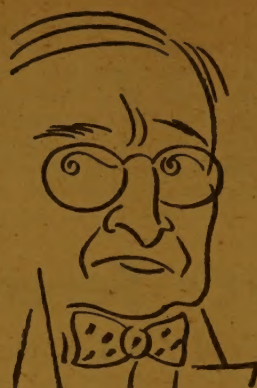
If this can, in one sense, be described as a festive work, the adjective certainly does not apply to most of the Serenade in C minor,

which is scored for the same combination as the enlarged version of that in E flat. The general mood is a very long way from that of tradition, whether we interpret the key as 'tragic', or put it more simply, as some writers have done, and say that Mozart was in a very bad temper at some time in the summer of 1782. (The latter remains the impression we get from hearing the work in the version for string quintet which he made some five years later.) At all events, here is a serenade which, though written for a purpose now unknown, is as far removed as imaginable from the gay social occasion. It has become as intensely personal in style as in feeling. For the work was written during the period of strenuous contrapuntal development, in which one of Mozart's boldest experiments bore fruit in the minuet and trio. Both are in canon, the former at the octave (with a section at the fourth), the latter throughout *al rovescio*, in which the answer is inverted. Of its kind, it is one of Mozart's most effortless *tours de force*—and one of the most enjoyable, scored for oboes and bassoons alone. Its cool detachment contrasts strongly with most of the other movements, the brusque opening *allegro*, the devout, almost ecstatic, *andante* and the menacing finale. But, as in the D minor Piano Concerto, Mozart ends more cheerfully. A luminous passage, curiously like that of the sextet in Act II of 'Don Giovanni', leads to an intensified return of the opening, but there follows a bold change to C major.

After 1782, Mozart composed no more wind serenades, for they were not called for by a way of musical life which directed his energies into other channels. Yet it is not difficult to trace the abiding influence of his mastery of the serenade style and the affection he felt for it. He used it in a selective and allusive way to embellish several other types of music. In the piano concertos, he often seems to revel in episodes that allow the tone-quality of woodwind and horns to alternate with that of keyboard and strings. Two most effective instances come to mind—in the slow movement of the Concerto in C minor and in the *andantino* section of the finale of that in E flat major, K.482. But best of all, perhaps, are the many felicitous touches of serenade-like scoring that delight the ear in 'Don Giovanni' and 'Così fan tutte'. Many of them are in slow tempi; deliberately, it seems, they are often being used to call a momentary halt to the excitement of the action and to bring a breath of calm evening air into the theatre.

Dr. Gilbert Murray's address to the Classical Association, 'Are Our Pearls Real?', which was broadcast twice in the Third Programme in 1954, has been published by John Murray, 2s. 6d. *Custom and Conflict in Africa* (Basil Blackwell, 12s. 6d.) provides in book form the six talks given by Professor Max Gluckman in the Third Programme last year.





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# The Daily Telegraph

THE PAPER YOU CAN TRUST



For the Housewife

# Making Marmalade: Questions Answered

By LOUISE DAVIES

I WOULD like to mention several different kinds of marmalade that some colleagues and I have been testing, and tasting, during the last year or so. Some of them you could adapt from your own favourite recipes. For instance, Seville orange and ginger. We added 1 ounce of root ginger and 8 ounces of crystallised ginger to an ordinary Seville orange recipe which yielded 6½ pounds of marmalade. The ounce of root ginger was tied in muslin with the fruit pips—soaked with them, cooked with them, and removed with them just as any ordinary recipe instructs. The 8 ounces of crystallised ginger was chopped up and added at the same time as the sugar, and, of course, left in the finished marmalade. If you do not like it too hot, or if you are making the more usual 5 pounds of marmalade, use a little less ginger.

Other recipes which we tested and found excellent were the popular dark, coarse-cut marmalade (a dessertspoon of black treacle was added in this one with the sugar). Then there was a grapefruit marmalade, a three-fruit marmalade (that contained a sweet orange, a grapefruit, and a couple of lemons); and several jelly marmalades, including tangerine.

I have been asked by a listener how long one should wait before testing marmalade for the set. If you have first cooked the fruit thoroughly (that is, reduced its bulk considerably and softened the peel—and for good results you must), then the final rapid boil with the sugar should take about 20 minutes. Start testing it when it begins to boil rather heavily.

Another question is: 'Can I cook my own

favourite Seville orange marmalade but speed it up by using a pressure pan, or would I have to alter it?' As a general rule, you can use your own favourite ingredients, provided you merely halve the usual quantity of water. This is because pressure cooking causes far less evaporation of moisture. If I were you, I would follow the method recommended by the manufacturers. You will probably find that the preliminary cooking to 'soften the peel will take only about 7 or 10 minutes, at 10-pounds pressure for preference. Once the sugar has been added, by the way, the boiling is continued in the open pan. One other point to note; some sizes of pressure pan will not make more than 5 pounds of marmalade at a time.

There have been other questions: about skimming marmalade, and how to prevent the peel rising. Briefly, to skim use a metal spoon which you have heated by dipping into boiling water, and remove the scum as soon as setting point is reached. If you delay until the scum subsides on to the peel, you will never come between them. To prevent peel rising, bide your time. After you have skimmed the marmalade, let it stay in the pan till the peel begins to sink below the surface and a thin skin forms. Then stir very gently to distribute the peel.

To avoid mould forming on the paper which you put on top of the marmalade, fill the heated jars brimful with marmalade—almost overflowing. Cover with a waxed-paper disc pressed on with the waxed side towards the marmalade. See that there is not a single little pocket of air left between the paper and the marmalade, because

it is in these air spaces that the mould develops. Let the marmalade get cold (covering it from dust with a clean cloth) then put on the outer covers. If you put these on when the marmalade is warm, you may get moisture condensing, and that, too, would cause mould growth. Storing is important, as well. Mould spreads, so see you do not leave in the cupboard any jars that may have gone mouldy. The place of storage should be airy, dark, and dry.—*Home Service*

## Notes on Contributors

BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT (page 199): a banker with business interests in Greece, the Middle East, and Balkans; author of *Greece—a political and economic survey*

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## Crossword No. 1,345.

## Queen's Moves—III.

By Octavian

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Our puzzle this week comes from a distant land whose unfortunate inhabitants have perforce to do everything, including arithmetic, singlehanded.

The 100 small squares in the diagram are given reference numbers, ranging from 1 (N.W. corner) to 100 (S.E.). Each of the lights, A, B, etc., is to be inserted in the diagram in a straight row in one of the 13 directions open to the Queen in chess, i.e., parallel

to a side or diagonal, and is clued by the reference numbers of the squares containing its first and last digits respectively. Thus a light starting in the centre square and ending in the N.E. corner would be clued 23-10 (3). The values of the lights may be ascertained by reference to the table (below) of values of  $F_1(n)$ ,  $F_2(n)$  and  $F_3(n)$ . In this table FG indicates not the product of F and G but the number formed by writing the digits of G immediately after those of F.

### CLUES

- A 3-13 (2)  
B 11-41 (4)  
C 100-10 (10)

- D 30-14 (2)  
E 100-23 (3)  
F 2-13 (2)  
G 100-42 (4)  
H 23-33 (2)  
I 4-20 (2)  
J 4-2 (3)  
K 21-32 (2)  
L 1-3 (3)  
M 11-2 (2)  
N 30-24 (2)  
O 41-10 (10)  
P 22-12 (2)  
Q 11-22 (2)

## Solution of No. 1,343

S	C	H	I	K	A	N	E	D	E	R	S
I	O	G	D	I	R	E	K	T	O	R	C
G	N	G	O	T	T	L	I	E	B	A	H
I	S	E	M	P	L	I	C	E	D	C	A
S	T	R	E	S	A	N	O	H	L	S	U
M	A	I	N	E	R	Z	S	A	B	S	
U	N	D	E	R	K	F	I	N	T	A	P
N	Z	B	O	U	A	L	S	U	N	I	
B	E	R	F	A	U	N	S	E	T	D	E
R	A	A	F	F	N	M	E	N	T	A	L
A	G	I	A	R	D	I	N	I	E	R	A
F	O	N	H	K	I	N	D	M	O	E	R

Prizewinners: 1st prize: I. Cousins (Birmingham, 20); 2nd prize: J. A. Beavan (Richmond); 3rd prize: G. H. Browton (Ryde)

NAME AND ADDRESS.....

$n$	1	2	3	4	10	11	12	13	14	20
$F_1(n)$	1	3	13	42	$A \times 10$	$B = MQ$	$C = 20$	$DE = 3$	$FG$	$HIJ$
$F_2(n)$	1	3	30	322	$DK = \frac{1}{20}(O - 2)$	$EL$				
$F_3(n)$	3	D	$MN = B \cdot H$	O	$APJ + 10$					

N.B. Each of the digits 0, 1, etc. appears ten times in the completed diagram



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